#4

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THE MACKINTOSH MAN
(THE FREEDOM TRAP)

Screenplay by

WALTER HILL

IMPORTANT
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FADE IN

1 INT. REFORM CLUB NIGHT

An after-dinner political gathering in traditionally sumptuous quarters. Chairs have been informally set up near a speaker's table -- the audience is made up of conservatively dressed men the majority of whom are middle-aged ...

The Toast Master rises and smiles ...

TOAST MASTER
Gentlemen, our guest speaker for the evening needs very little introduction, his views being well spoken on the floor of Commons, well known throughout the country and, to those of us gathered here, his opinions have always struck a sympathetic chord ... Gentlemen, the Right Honourable Member from Stoke Newton, Sir George Wheeler.

TITLE CARDS BEGIN

Sir George Wheeler stands and moves to the dais, acknowledging polite applause.

WHEELER
Gentlemen, always a pleasure to speak before an audience of such political sagacity, by that, of course, I mean an audience whose views so often coincide with my own ...

Polite laughter.

WHEELER
I should like tonight to speak on a subject of no little import ... but I fear, indeed greatly fear, that many of my colleagues in the House have other issues which they find closer to their hearts and minds ... a pity ... If these same honourable colleagues could rouse themselves from their tedious, endless and, some would say, mindless, criticisms of American foreign policy; if they could cease their constant pursuit towards obtaining statutory relief for homosexuals ... one might note that their energies in that direction could lead one to doubt the character of their constituents, but pass on, pass on ... If these

1 Continued

WHEELER (Cont)

good colleagues of mine could end their smug vigil against the re-instatement of capital punishment, a vigil somehow all the more tightly held in the face of an ever increasing murder rate ... in short, if they might turn from these issues that affect not one citizen in ten and turn to a matter not only of grave political concern, but one which is only spoken of with great reluctance. A delicate subject: and yes, a perilous subject, concerning the quality of English life as we have known it for ten centuries ... The subject I wish to speak on is racial relations within the nation ... I would like to introduce into the discussion a few facts; the conclusions to be drawn from these facts, shall I think be obvious even to the most slow-witted ...

Shouts of 'Hear, hear'.

WHEELER

I do not present this material as an attack on any group of men, certainly not any minority group, but merely on the instinct that certain, natural, human proclivities, in terms of association, in terms of neighbourhood and in terms of employment, cannot be lightly passed over. Again, let me emphasize that what I seek is not a society of exploitation, certainly not racial exploitation, but a society that rightfully protects what has been rightfully earned ...

1B AT THE END OF THE SPEAKER'S TABLE

Mackintosh, a middle aged, sharp featured man with rust coloured hair, sits watching the oration.

WHEELER'S VOICE

At present, there are two million West Indians and Asians in England, and it is no more true to say that England is their country than it would be to say that the West Indies, Pakistan or India are our countries ... In these great numbers they are alien, and remain alien, indeed the alien quality remains in direct proportion to their increasing number. This is due to the obvious inability of a society to assimilate so great an invasion of its basic culture ...

TITLE CARDS COMPLETE

ABRUPT CUT TO

2 EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE DAY

REARDEN, a sunburned man in his late thirties, crosses past Landseer's lions at the base of Nelson's column, pigeons scattering before him as he moves towards Africa House.

3 INT. STAIRS AND CORRIDOR MACKINTOSH'S OFFICE BUILDING DAY

REARDEN climbs a narrow stairway, moves to a second floor corridor and enters an office - ANGLO SCOTTISH LTD is lettered on the clouded glass window of the office door.

4 INT. MACKINTOSH'S OUTER OFFICE REARDEN, MRS SMITH DAY

REARDEN approaches a reception desk where a SECRETARY is seated. A young woman -- the receptionist is MRS SMITH, slender, her features graced by high-boned good looks that promise intelligence. She is fashionably, but simply, dressed.

REARDEN
I'm Rearden.

SECRETARY
He's expecting you. Go straight through.

Rearden's eyes meet the girl's for a moment -- then he moves towards the inner office.

5 INT. MACKINTOSH'S INNER OFFICE DAY

Mackintosh stands looking out of a grime-streaked window, apparently studying pigeons roosting on the building ledge.

He turns slowly and stares for a moment at Rearden.

REARDEN
Hello, Mackintosh.

MACKINTOSH
Sit down. Would you like some tea? People who work in offices like this drink tea all the time.

5 Continued

REARDEN
All right.

MACKINTOSH
(goes to door)
Could you rustle up another pot of tea, Mrs Smith?
(to Rearden)
How was the flight?

REARDEN
Not bad.
(Pause)

MACKINTOSH
We'll wait for the girl before starting, Mr Rearden. She's bringing us tea. It's never good to be overly hasty, even about money ... How's your accent?

REARDEN
(fairly strong Australian accent)
All right, cobber. Fair dinkum.

Rearden returns to normal English accent.

Mrs Smith enters the office and places a tray on the desk, sits down, smiles at Rearden, begins to pour tea.

REARDEN
(abrupt)
Is she in on this?

MACKINTOSH
Mrs Smith did all the necessary research. She's a very clever girl.
(tents his fingers)
Did you know that London is the world centre of the diamond business?

REARDEN
I thought it was Amsterdam ...

MACKINTOSH
That's where the cutting is done. London is where diamonds are bought and sold.

5 Continued

REARDEN
(nods thanks to Mrs Smith, accepts cup)
And they have bags of security.

MACKINTOSH
Indeed they have.
(holds arms wide)
The safe doors are that thick and the place is wired up to the hilt with electronic gimmicks.

REARDEN
I'm not a safe cracker. You need a powder man for that.

MACKINTOSH
What I have in mind will be quite suitable to your talents. Mrs Smith thinks so, too.

REARDEN
I'm all ears, mate.

MACKINTOSH
Tell me, what is the most outstanding property of the diamond?

REARDEN
They're forever.

MACKINTOSH
(clucks tongue with annoyance)
Tell him, Mrs Smith.

MRS SMITH
The size. You could put diamonds worth a hundred thousand pounds into ...
(picks up a matchbox)
... a package hardly big enough to write an address on and have room for a postage stamp.

REARDEN
(stares at her)
They send diamonds through the post?

5 Continued

MRS SMITH
Every day. The insurance companies have great trust in the G.P.O.

MACKINTOSH
They used to have couriers. But the couriers got to be known by the Wide Boys. There were a number of beatings and two or three deaths ... Another thing was that human beings are but human. Couriers could be corrupted ... the courier system fell through for a number of reasons.
(tents fingers)
But consider the present system. Once a parcel is swallowed up in the maw of the Post Office, not even God can extract it. And why? Because it's just one of millions of parcels circulating through the mails. Do you follow me ...?

REARDEN
It all sounds logical.

MACKINTOSH
Carry on, Mrs Smith.

MRS SMITH
To begin with, the stones are sent in all sizes and shapes of parcel from matchbox size to crates as big as a tea chest. The parcels are labelled in a multitude of ways - anything to confuse the issue, you see. The most important thing is the anonymity of the destination. There are a number of accommodation addresses having nothing to do with the diamond industry to which the stones are sent, and the same address is never used twice running.

REARDEN
Very interesting.

MACKINTOSH
(leaning back in his chair)
Take a postman walking up a street - a familiar sight. He carries a ... hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds but - he doesn't know it and neither does anyone

5 Continued

MACKINTOSH (Contd)
else including the recipient. The parcels are sent by ordinary post; no special delivery nonsense. The postal authorities don't guarantee delivery at any specific time.

As Mackintosh leans forward, a pleased expression on his face, we:

DISSOLVE TO

6 EXT. LEATHER LANE REARDEN

passes the Street Market behind Gamages - the vendors hawking their wares.

7 REARDEN,

near the Street Market, steps from the roadway into a three storey office building.

8 INT. CORRIDOR KIDDY KAR BUILDING REARDEN

A lift door opens and Rearden emerges, moving into the corridor. Among the names of the offices he walks past is the BETSY LOU DRESS MFG. Co. Ltd. He gives it a casual glance, moves on to a door marked KIDDY KAR TOYS, places key in lock, enters.

9 INT. OFFICE KIDDY KAR BUILDING REARDEN

Bleak, one room, desk chair and telephone. Electric kettle, coffee, tea, etc. on a table. He fills the kettle at wash basin, puts it on, lights a cigarette, glances at his watch.

FOOTSTEPS, at intervals, punctuated by the METALLIC BANGS OF SWINGING LETTERBOXES.

Rearden goes to door, opens it a crack.

10 INT. CORRIDOR KIDDY KAR BLDG. BIG POSTMAN (REARDEN'S P.O.V.)

A big, husky-looking young POSTMAN delivering mail; letters and packages for the next drop firmly clutched in his hand.

11 INT. KIDDY KAR BLDG. REARDEN

walking down the Corridor, a stopwatch in his hand. We lose him as he starts up to Third Floor.

12 EXT. HATTON GARDENS REARDEN

in Hatton Gardens, looking at the stolid blank buildings, as he comes once again into a street leading back to Leather Lane.

He crosses Leather Lane into:

13 ANOTHER SIDE STREET LEADING FROM LEATHER LANE REARDEN

identifying all possible exits from the area, timing himself, etc.

14 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE REARDEN AND SALESMAN

Rearden stands before a mirror in the Mens Clothing Section of the store; a salesman at his side, he tries on an overcoat, removes the garment, reverses it, slips it back on and places a matching hat on his head. He nods to the Salesman.

15 INT. OFFICE KIDDY KAR BLDG. REARDEN

standing at the window, watching the people in the street below.

He turns at a SOUND, crosses, opens door.

16 INT. CORRIDOR KIDDY KAR BLDG. REARDEN AND POSTMAN

Rearden emerges from the office door and moves down the corridor towards the lift and stairwell ... while walking, Rearden passes the SAME BIG POSTMAN on his afternoon rounds.

16 Continued

REARDON
(Australian accent)
Good Afternoon.

POSTMAN
(nice smile)
Lovely day. Lovely day.

Both men pass each other without a backward glance.

DISSOLVE TO:

RETAKE

SCENES 17,18,19 INT. REARDEN'S ROOM REARDEN MRS. SMITH NIGHT.

A typewritten page is burning in an ashtray. CAMERA PULLS BACK

REARDEN, in pajamas, watching page burn.

MRS. SMITH enters without knocking. She crosses to bed, removes airline ticket from purse.

MRS. SMITH
(handing it to him)
Your ticket....

She then removes a form, turns her purse flat, puts form on top of it, hands REARDEN a pen.

MRS. SMITH (cont'd)
That number written on the right cheque form in place of a signature will release to you any amount of money up to forty thousand pounds Sterling, or its equivalent in any currency you wish. Write it in words, not figures...Nine...six...three... zero... five...one.

He hands the form back to her, she puts it back in her purse.

MRS. SMITH (cont'd)
I know a good deal about you, Mr. Rearden - from Mackintosh. He says you're the best.

REARDEN
I'm surprised. Mackintosh is usually very close-mouthed.

MRS. SMITH
He trusts me.

(CONTINUED)

SCENES (Continued)
17,18,19

She picks up purse, goes to door, hesitates a moment, then faces REARDEN again.

MRS. SMITH (cont'd)
Would you like me to stay?

REARDEN
I'd be delighted.....

MRS. SMITH
It's the very leaset I can do.

REARDEN
Oh - for mercy's sake? No thank you.

MRS. SMITH (a smile)
I said that to seem less wanton.

20 THE AMPEX

tape reels spinnings, sounds of Handel...the overhead light switches off...

CUT TO

21 EXT. LEATHER LANE MORNING

The same Postman rounds the corner and enters the office building.

22 INT/EXT. PHONE BOX LEATHER LANE DAY

Mrs. Smith is in a phone booth near the open air market; she watches the Postman enter the building, then begins to dial...

23. INT CORRIDOR KIDDY KAR BUILDING DAY

The Postman begins making his rounds on the first floor.

24 INT. OFFICE KIDDY KAR BUILDING DAY

Rearden's phone rings twice. Rearden moves to the office door ...

25 INT. CORRIDOR KIDDY KAR BUILDING DAY

The Postman coming up the stairwell and onto the second floor landing. Rearden emerges from his office down the corridor.

Rearden sees the Postman and moves towards him.

26 INT. CORRIDOR KIDDY KAR BUILDING DAY

The Postman withdraws a sheaf of envelopes and a small Kodak yellow box that would presumably contain slide transparencies ...

REARDEN
(Australian accent)
Anything there for me? I work inside.

POSTMAN
I'll have a look. What's the name?

REARDEN
No need to go into that.

Rearden slams his fist into the Postman's mid-section; the unexpected blow instantly doubles the victim. Rearden grabs the fallen mail, scooping up the yellow box.

The Postman suddenly swings his leather bag at Rearden, cracking him over the back of the head - inadvertently causing a snowstorm of envelopes around the area ...

Rearden snaps an expert karate blow at the Postman's heart -- the cosh now appears in his right hand, he socks it across the base of the Postman's skull; the big man sinks to his knees in submission. Rearden drags the Postman a few feet backward and shoves him into the Kiddy Kar office, pausing to turn the key in the lock.

27 INT. STAIRS KIDDY KAR BUIDLING DAY

REARDEN trots downward, and heads for the building entrance.

28 EXT. LEATHER LANE DAY

Rearden quickly moves through the crowded stalls towards the street corner ...

29 EXT. LEATHER LANE DAY

Rearden rounds the corner and disappears from view.

30 EXT. BANK UNDERGROUND STATION DAY

Rearden still moving quickly. He makes a sharp left down another lane, approaches another corner, turns, emerges onto a thoroughfare; walking briskly, he crosses the street and immediately descends into the Bank Tube Station.

31 INT. BANK STATION ESCALATOR DAY

Rearden moves quickly downward.

32 INT. BANK STATION ESCALATOR

Mrs Smith moving up. Rearden passes the box to her across the moving hand rails.

33 INT. STATION CORRIDOR & ENTRANCE TO WASHROOM DAY

Trailing along with the casual foot-traffic, Rearden passes a news stand, then enters the mens wash room.

34 INT. WASH ROOM DAY

Bleak, bare walls and even bleaker porcelain fixtures; Rearden moves to a pay toilet, drops a coin and pulls the stall door open. As the door closes, the metal lock snaps loudly shut ...

35 INT. TOILET CUBICLE WASHROOM DAY

Rearden drops the toilet seat, takes several deep breaths, then reverses his overcoat, changing it to a tweed pattern; he then pulls out a matching cap and places it firmly on his head. He flushes the toilet, then unlocks the stall door and exits.

36 INT. WASHROOM DAY

A mirror image of Rearden shows a large cuff mark from his recent fight; Rearden touches his face, then quickly bends over the bowl - washing both his hands and his face ...

37 INT. BANK STATION PLATFORM DAY

Rearden among the crush of passengers, boards the underground train ...

38 INT. REARDEN'S ROOM BROMPTON HOTEL NIGHT

Rearden lies across the small bed; he reads a paperback Simenon, while listening to Bach's Fugue in G. Major on the Ampex tape machine. Rearden's face shows ample evidence of the day's strenuous bout -- a large welt has been added to his features ...

There is a sharp knocking at the door.

Rearden opens the door and stands facing two very large men -- they are both dressed conservatively and have the unmistakable aura of police officials ...

BRUNSKILL
Are you Joseph Rearden?

REARDEN
That's right.

Rearden speaks with Australian accent from now on until escape Ireland.

BRUNSKILL
We are police officers.
(flips a wallet open)
We hope you can assist us with our enquiries.

REARDEN
Don't see how. I'm a stranger in London -- Just got in from Sydney.

BRUNSKILL
Gently)
We know all that, Mr Rearden. May we come in?

Rearden stands to one side and waves them into the room.

REARDEN
Only one chair so one of you has to sit on the bed ...

BRUNSKILL
That won't be necessary ... This is

38 Continued

BRUNSKILL (Contd)
Detective-Sergeant Jervis, my name is Brunskill.

Jervis is about Rearden's age: he has a broad bull-dog face and a curt manner. Brunskill is ten years older and maintains the suavity of a higher echelon officer, from the first instance one realizes he would be a very formidable opponent.

REARDEN
What can I do for you?

BRUNSKILL
We are making enquiries about the theft of a package from a postman in Leather Lane this morning. What can you tell us about it, Mr Rearden?

REARDEN
Nothing. I told you, I'm a stranger.

Brunskill and Jervis look at each other and then at Rearden.

BRUNSKILL
Come, Mr Rearden, you can do better than that.

REARDEN
Tell me what I'm supposed to have done, and I'll tell you if I did it.

JERVIS
How'd your face get marked up?

REARDEN
I scraped myself shaving ... dull blade.

Jervis makes a nasty noise at the back of his throat.

JERVIS
Mind if we search your room, Rearden?

REARDEN
Mr Rearden, to Sergeants. Mind your manners. And I do object -- unless you've got a warrant ...

38 Continued

Brunskill produces a document and shows it to Rearden.

BRUNSKILL
I think you'll find that in order.

Rearden doesn't even look at it -- he just watches as Jervis begins to search the room.

REARDEN
You won't find anything.

BRUNSKILL
Whether he does or not, I must ask you to come to the police station.

He looks at Rearden with dislike; Jervis is a bit too crude to appreciate Bach, he snaps off the tape machine ...

REARDEN
You're going to have to arrest me to get me anywhere near the nick.

BRUNSKILL
Very well, Mr Rearden; I arrest you on suspicion of assaulting a postman in Leather Lane at about nine-thirty this morning. Does that satisfy you?

CUT TO

39 INT. SMALL POLICE STATION ROOM THE SAME NIGHT

The room is unfurnished except for a small wooden table and two Bentwood chairs. Rearden sits on one of the chairs, smoking a cigarette; he is being watched by a Uniformed Officer. Jervis enters the room and waves the other cop out. He sits down at the other side of the table; Rearden at first tries to ignore him.

JERVIS
How are you feeling?

REARDEN
Fit. Relaxed. Unworried. How about you?

39 Continued

JERVIS
I'm fine, Rearden. Fine. Happy in my work. The Postman's in a bad way. You hit him too hard. He may hand in his chips. Still relaxed?

REARDEN
Which postman?

JERVIS
I knew you'd say that. I'm psychic.

REARDEN
You can get treatment for that nowadays.

JERVIS
(grins, watching him)
What did you do with the diamonds, Rearden?

REARDEN
Since you're psychic, you know what I'm going to say ...

JERVIS
You're going to say 'Which diamonds?' Right?

REARDEN
Right.

JERVIS
(still smiling)
I don't like you, Rearden. You're Bent. I'd like to be alone with you for about ten minutes.

REARDEN
Why Sergeant, this is so sudden.

Brunskill comes in carrying a thick file full of papers.

JERVIS
(rising)
We've been having a wonderful time together, Inspector. Rearden and me. Lots of jokes and laughing.

39 Continued

BRUNSKILL
(waving Jervis out)
My trouble is I've got no sense of humour. But I'm an absolute bugger for files. I love specific information. Now you've been shy, Rearden. I mean, shy about your achievements. You don't have to be like that anymore with me. I've got your record here - from Interpol. Fingerprints, mug shots, lots of juicy gossip.

REARDEN
One conviction, that's the lot.

BRUNSKILL
Why were you flying to Switzerland tomorrow?

REARDEN
I'm a tourist. When you're a tourist, you travel.

BRUNSKILL
It's your first time in England, too, isn't it?

REARDEN
I'm tired of this. I want a solicitor.

BRUNSKILL
Anyone particular in mind?

REARDEN
Call Belgravia 5797. His name is Maskell.

BRUNSKILL
A tourist in England less than a week and he has his bloody solicitor ready and fixed. And the right solicitor too.
(gets up, paces about, hands behind his back)
When you were a little boy, Rearden, what did you want to be when you grew up?

REARDEN
A policeman.

39 Continued

BRUNSKILL
But you couldn't make it so you became the next best thing, a criminal.

They start laughing together and then Brunskill glides over and slams his hands down on the table, stares into Rearden's amused eyes.

BRUNSKILL
(continuing)
Take a load off yourself, Rearden. Tell me about the diamonds.

REARDEN
I'm innocent, I want my solicitor ...

Brunskill laughs and starts for the door.

DISSOLVE TO

40 INT. THE OLD BAILEY CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT DAY

High benches, walnut desks, bewigged JUDGE, PROSECUTOR and SOLICITOR, poker-faced JURY and Rearden seated beside ROLLINS, his Barrister in the Dock ...

The Prosecutor is cross-examining a WITNESS - a BUSINESS MAN wearing a dark pin-striped suit ...

PROSECUTOR
Isn't it a bit odd, Mr Boyd, to send 140 thousand pounds worth of diamonds parcel post?

MR BOYD
Not really. Insurance companies regard the G.P.O. quite highly. It's a matter of statistics, very few parcels are lost, especially if they're properly labelled.

PROSECUTOR
How would your firm account for the robbery in Leather Lane?

40 Continued

MR BOYD
Quite simply. Somewhere along the line there was a breakdown in our system. The thief had inside information.

PROSECUTOR
Thank you, Mr Boyd.

The Prosecutor sits down. The Judge, loud, stout and red-nosed, peers over at MR ROLLINS.

JUDGE
Cross examination, Mr Rollins?

ROLLINS
(a very round man with an air of impudence and pissy self-possession)
No questions, your Lordship.

41 INT. COURT ROOM LATER DAY

The large Postman is in the witness stand.

POSTMAN
... he had two advantages on me, he took me by surprise and he sand-bagged me with a leather cosh. Otherwise I'd a got him sure ... I'd a whipped him proper ...

PROSECUTOR
As I'm sure you would have, Mr Bugner. Now, let's return to this point ... you have no doubts that the man who assaulted you is the man seated there in the Dock, Joseph Rearden?

POSTMAN
That's 'im, all right, no question about that.

42 INT. COURTROOM LATER DAY

Brunskill now sits rather uncomfortably on the stand; Rollins the barrister representing Rearden is half-way into his cross-examination.

BRUNSKILL
... Acting on information received I went with Detective-Sergeant Jervis, to see Rearden at his hotel. His answers to my questions were such that I arrested him on suspicion of having been connected with this crime. The Sergeant and I also noted his face, which showed several marks, as if he had been in a fight.

ROLLINS
You spoke of "information received," Inspector. How did this information come to you?

PROSECUTOR
(rising)
Objection, my Lord, the question is adventitious. The sources of police information may be prejudicial to ...

ROLLINS
(quickly)
This goes to the malice of a person or persons unknown which may prejudice the case for the accused, my Lord.

JUDGE
I believe the question is proper. You may answer, Inspector.

BRUNSKILL
(reluctantly)
There was a telephone call.

ROLLINS
Anonymous?

BRUNSKILL
Yes.

ROLLINS
Did this communication indicate that the accused had committed this crime?

42 Continued

BRUNSKILL
Yes.

ROLLINS
Did it indicate where he was to be found?

BRUNSKILL
Yes.

ROLLINS
(now the bully-boy)
Inspector, would you not say that all your work had been done for you? Would you not say it was true that without these malicious communications the accused would not be standing in the dock at this moment?

BRUNSKILL
I can't answer that question. But, he would have been caught.

ROLLINS
(musing)
Would he? I admire your certitude.

BRUNSKILL
He would have been caught.

ROLLINS
But not so speedily.

BRUNSKILL
Perhaps not.

ROLLINS
(all bear and bluff)
Would you not characterise your mysterious communicant as someone who "had it in" for the accused at worst - or a stool pigeon at best?

BRUNSKILL
(smiling)
I would prefer to think of him as a public-spirited citizen.

42 Continued

ROLLINS
(turning his back abruptly on Brunskill)
No further questions, My Lord.

43 INT. DOCK

Rearden leaps to his feet, he begins to shout with rage ...

REARDEN
Jesus bleeding christ on a cross! You call this evidence. Some phoney god damn phone call! This whole thing's been rigged. You can't prove anything! That Postman's a lying bastard. I'm innocent.

44 THE JUDGE

swinging his gavel furiously from the bench.

JUDGE
You will be quiet sir, you will be quiet. Restrain that man at ONCE ...

45 MRS SMITH

watches quietly from the gallery behind Rearden as the shouting continues.

46 REARDEN

is pulled back down into the dock by the Jail Warders at Rearden's side ...

47 THE JUDGE

as quiet is restored ...

JUDGE
Any further disturbance, any further imputation on the integrity of this court on

47 Continued

JUDGE (Contd)
your part, Mr Rearden, and you will be removed from these proceedings at once and held in contempt. Does your client understand that Mr Rollins?

ROLLINS
(rising)
He does My Lord ... My apologies to the court for Mr Rearden's behaviour, though he is under considerable strain due to being accused of so serious a crime, his actions are not to be condoned.

JUDGE
The apology is accepted.

48 MRS SMITH

eyes like ice ... watching.

49 INT. COURT ROOM LATER DAY

Rearden stands in the dock, facing the Judge ...

REARDEN
I'm innocent, My Lord.

50 INT. COURT ROOM DAY

The Judge, adjusting his glasses and shuffling some papers before him.

JUDGE
Very well, Joseph Rearden, you have been found guilty of stealing by force a packet of diamonds valued at 140 thousand pounds. The diamonds remain missing and you have not seen fit to co-operate with the police in their recovery. I have been puzzled by this recalcitrant attitude, but my puzzlement ended when I made an elementary mathematical calculation. In the normal course of events such a crime as yours, a crime of violence, would be punished by the heavy sentence of

50 Continued

JUDGE (Contd)
fourteen years imprisonment. My calculation however informs me that for those fourteen years you would be receiving an annual income of not less than 10,000 pounds -- tax free -- being the amount you have stolen divided by fourteen. This, I might add, is considerably more than the stipend of one of Her Majesty's Judges, such as myself. A most unpleasant calculation, I think. Whether it can be considered that the loss of fourteen years of freedom is worth such an annual sum is a debatable matter. You evidently think it is worth while. Now, it is not the function of this court to make the fees of crime attractive ... Joseph Rearden, I sentence you to twenty years' preventative detention.

51 INT. GREAT HALL PRISON DAY

Now dressed in grey prison clothing, Rearden is escorted along by a Warder into an immense hall with cells lining the walls like cages; the iron stairways circle upward into a geometric maze of crossing pathways ..

52 REARDEN AND THE WARDER

move up a flight of stairs, cross a second-storey landing and stop before a cell.

Rearden enters the cell; the door is slammed shut behind him.

53 INSIDE THE CELL REARDEN DAY

standing almost frozen, his eyes search the cubicle; twelve by seven by eight, stained and marked walls with the original colours still visible -- institutional cream and Borstal green, a small barred window is set on high ... iron framed bed, lumpy mattress, wooden table and chair; washstand, jug, basin and chamberpot ...

Rearden moves across to the desk and examines a book hanging on a chain from the wall.

54 THE BOOK

RULES GOVERNING PRISONERS OF HER MAJESTY'S PENAL INSTITUTION - CHELMSFORD

55 REARDEN

allows the book to flop back against the wall.

A nightshirt hangs near the bed, beneath it a soiled pair of slippers.

Rearden sits down on the bed, works his jaw a moment, then puts his head in his hands.

The sharp continuous SOUND of a clanging bell.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

56 REARDEN'S CELL MORNING

The bell continues RINGING.

Rearden climbs out of the small bed, pulls the nightshirt over his head and quickly begins to dress.

The bell CLANG ceases.

57 REARDEN

Now fully clothed, he sloppily makes his bed -- having nothing else to do, he then sits down on the wooden chair and waits ...

The SOUND of scraping metal ... Rearden looks toward the cell door, seeing:

58 THE JUDAS HOLE

A pair of eyes peer in from outside ...

59 THE CELL DOOR

opens, the Warder enters, looks around the cubicle and gives Rearden a sharp glance.

59 Continued

WARDER
You've been reading that thing?

He nods to the book now resting on the table.

REARDEN
That is what one does with a book.

WARDER
It should be hanging on the wall where you found it. Your bed's in the wrong corner. Now, pick up your chamber pot and get ready for slopping out ...

REARDEN
I haven't used it.

WARDER
(curtly)
It gets slopped out whether you've used it or not. Do as you're told with no arguments. That's the first lesson.

Rearden picks up the chamber pot.

60 ON THE CELL BLOCK LANDING

Rearden, casually holding the chamber pot, follows the Warder to an area filled with Prisoners, all of them lined up, each holding his own receptacle ...

GUARD
All right. Move along, move along, lads.

Rearden trudges by, he hesitantly goes through the motion of emptying the pot into one sink and washing it in another.

Rearden falls into the group of prisoners awaiting permission to return to their cells.

A Guard across the way begins shouting.

GUARD
Anybody sick? Any of you gentlemen not feeling well?

60 Continued

A long silence.

GUARD
(continuing)
All right. Back you go.

Two Warders begin sending the prisoners back to their cells, counting each man as he goes by ...

CUT TO

61 INT. PRISON LAUNDRY DAY

Rearden stands before a steam shirt-press machine, a huge bin of freshly laundered shirts is nearby - around the work area other prisoners attend pant-pressers, washers, roll driers, and clothes labeling functions.

A young prisoner named BUSTER stands next to Rearden, about to demonstrate the intricacies of the machine.

BUSTER
(East End accent - he is holding a shirt)
It's a see? Like clockwork, back first ...

He depresses a lever, there is a huge burst of steam, then the shirt press releases the garment. Buster immediately inserts the arm of the shirt.

BUSTER
(continued)
... then one sleeve ...

The machine against lets off a roar and a cloud of vapour.

BUSTER
(continued)
Then the other, then the collar ...

Final burst of steam.

61 Continued

BUSTER
Then you're ready for the next bloody shirt. Just like clockwork ... but don't go too fast see, don't work too hard, one thing you learn right off is they never run out of shirts around here ...

REARDEN
I'll give it a go.

He inserts a shirt, depresses the valve, a whoosh of steam, the shirt is withdrawn, a crumpled mess ...

BUSTER
You'll learn mate. You'll learn, didn't put it in straight, see ... try another ... we all had problems at first ... not our natural trade, is it?

REARDEN
(inserting another shirt)
Which end do you work?

Whoosh of steam.

BUSTER
Not bad, improving nicely ... try that sleeve ... I'm an inside man, come two Christmases ago. I went up the wrong drain pipe ... you see them two over there? Rape artists. Hit 'em on the head and left the old skirt, got 'em a few years that did ... that one, murdered a woman by mistake, thought it was his wife, bad luck that ... pissed at the time o'course ... Him with the glasses, fiddled the till at the bank ...

Whoosh of steam.

BUSTER
(continued)
Very respectable con, going that way, that's it, you're getting it ...

Whoosh of steam.

61 Continued

BUSTER
(continued)
Course you have to have the voice for it, be very la-di-da ... Best one of all though is to knock off a postman for 140 thousand quid, right mate?

Whoosh of steam.

CUT TO

62 INT. PRISON RECREATIONAL SECTION OF MAIN HALL

Men are watching TV, playing table tennis, etc. Rearden sits in a chair, picking his teeth with a toothpick. Buster is nearby, glancing through a magazine.

A SOUND O.S. OF FOOTSTEPS ON METAL. Rearden looks up. Buster follows his gaze.

63 INT. KILMANIN JAIL METAL WALKWAY SLADE, OTHER HIGH SECURITY RISK PRISONERS, WARDERS, ETC.

Coming across the Metal Walkway is a group of SIX High-Security Risk Prisoners, coloured patches on their clothing. They are accompanied by Warders.

Limping at the end of the line, stiff-legged is SLADE, pallid and shrunken.

64 BACK TO SCENE

BUSTER
(nodding towards them)
High Security Risk, they are. Come down for their tea after we've had ours ... the one with the limp's Slade ... you know, the super spy ... bloody Commie. Pretended he was an Englishman for 28 years before they caught him ... Well ...
(spits)
Gave him 42 years, rotten dirty Russian! Should a hung him.

64 Continued

Rearden is unimpressed. As he rises, stretches, a fair, thirty five year old (PALMER) comes up to him. The man is overtly homosexual by look, gesture and manner.

PALMER
Rearden?

REARDEN
Yes.

PALMER
(with a no-pressure smile and East-End dialect)
I'm Palmer ... I like you.

REARDEN
You don't know me, Palmer.

PALMER
That doesn't matter. Do you think you'd like to dance with me?

Rearden looks at Palmer a moment, then smiles back at him ...

REARDEN
Can't make it go that way.

PALMER
You sure, mate?

REARDEN
Pretty sure. Might depend on how long I'm here, though. Ask me again in a couple of years.

PALMER
Right. Well, no offence, mate. If you change your mind, I'm listed in the phone book, you know ...

CUT TO

65 INT. REARDEN'S CELL

Rearden seated at his small desk; a naked lightbulb illuminated from overhead ... Rearden opens a book.

66 THE VOLUME

"A Tale of Two Cities": he turns the flyleaf..

REARDEN (V.O.)
Chapter One. "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us ..."

CUT TO

67 THE EXERCISE YARD PRISON

Rearden sits alone on a small bench, silently looking across the compound at the milling prisoners; he takes a drag on his Rothman's filter.

68 CAMERA EXPLORES EXERCISE YARD

Men talking, smoking, jogging in place, etc.

AT THE FAR END OF THE YARD, away from Ordinary Prisoners, are the High Security Risk men. Warders with Alsatian dogs guard them.

CAMERA FOLLOWS SLADE as he walks slowly up and down - a solitary, lonely figure.

69 BACK TO REARDEN

Buster comes up and has a seat next to Rearden. They sit in silence for a moment, then Rearden makes a deft movement, offering his fellow captive a smoke.

BUSTER
Thanks, mate.

69 Continued

REARDEN
Tell me, how long you been in this hole?

BUSTER
I'm doing a cut. A year in, a year to go. Did one cut before, so next time'll be stretch.

REARDEN
(gives him a sharp look)
What about the old straight and narrow?

BUSTER
That's for peasants. Can't see myself working in the corner garage getting my hands all black and greased up. Not me ... Not that I'm planning on coming back you understand. But I know it's in the cards and I got to face it.

Rearden tosses away his ciggie.

REARDEN
Anybody ever go over the top?

BUSTER
Not smart, chum. Not smart. Easy to get over but hard to stay over, see? They got all those bloody dogs, helicopters, radios, just like a bloody army exercise. Mates end up out on the moor running in circles, eating raw turnips. Three days later they're back in. Not smart, see? No future in it.

REARDEN
It's like the soldier said to the flower girl, 'depends on how you look at it.' I've got twenty years in this dung heap.

BUSTER
You go up and over, you better have the bees when you get on the other side.

REARDEN
Money?

69 Continued

BUSTER
Bees -- honey -- honey-money ...

REARDEN
Right. And I've got the bees ...

A long moment. Buster looks carefully at Rearden.

BUSTER
(with a smile)
Best to ease off it.

CUT TO

70 CELL C2607

Rearden is reading at his desk.

REARDEN (V.O.)
(with spirit)
'I am ruminating,' said Mr Pickwick, 'on the strange mutability of human affairs.' 'Ah! I see -- in at the window the next. Philosopher, sir?' 'An observer of human nature, sir,' said Mr Pickwick. 'Ah, so am I. Most people are when they've little to do an ...

The overhead light goes out.

Rearden furiously crosses to the Judas hole and shouts out to the darkened prison ...

REARDEN
BASTARDS!

DISSOLVE TO

71 IN THE YARD A WINTER DAY (SNOW)

The snow covered compound is nearly deserted, only a few overcoated prisoners walk the enclosure, chatting, occasionally striking their arms against their bodies in a vain attempt to remain warm.

72 HIGH SECURITY RISK PART OF YARD BASE OF WALL SLADE

walks alone, taking some exercise - the Warder and an Alsatian not far away.

73 REARDEN

leans against a football goalpost, chewing carefully at a matchstick. His eyes follow the crippled man ...

SOAMES-TREVELYAN, a lifelong con-man with a regimental pose, complete with a large, sweeping British officer's moustache and sideburns, comes up to him.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Rearden, Soames-Trevelyan here. Haven't met yet, time we should, don't you think?

As Rearden moves away, Soames-Trevelyan follows.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
(continuing)
Been some loose talk lately. You know how word gets about. Prison's just the place for gossip, you see.

REARDEN
Is that right?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Gossip about you.

REARDEN
(nasty)
Talk's the only thing that comes easy around here.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Let's not be unpleasant, Rearden. One never knows when a friend might turn up and ease the pain of life, so to speak.

Rearden stops, looks directly at Soames-Trevelyan.

REARDEN
All right, tell me.

73 Continued

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Scarperers.

REARDEN
Never heard of them.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Special bunch of fellows for breaking out long termers ... like you. They guarantee the delivery but it takes a sizeable amount of capital ... am I boring you?

REARDEN
Don't stop, it's all coming out music.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Very efficient chaps. They broke Biggs and Wilson out of Dartmoor this past year. Very efficient. Probably had military training.

REARDEN
Tell me, how do I get in touch with your heroes?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
You don't, old chap. A very exclusive bunch. Very picky and choosey. They issue the invitations.

REARDEN
You're in with this crowd?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
I have been sometimes known to act as their representative in certain delicate negotiations ... they seem to be interested in you.

REARDEN
Well, you just send the word right back Soames-Trevelyan, I'm here with open arms, ready to do business.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
This must be understood, my good man, they don't work on the cheap.

73 Continued

REARDEN
That's fine. I've got money but it's rather hard to spend in here, isn't it?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
It is indeed.

CUT TO

74 INT. GREAT HALL C HALL LANDING SLOP LINE MORNING

Rearden empties his chamber pot and moves into the shape-up area with the other prisoners ... Soames-Trevelyan is off to himself as Rearden nonchalantly approaches. Rearden gives him a questioning look; Soames-Trevelyan ignores him and moves quickly away.

GUARD
(shouting at the conglomeration of prisoners)
All right now. Anybody sick? Any of you gentlemen not feeling well?

DISSOLVE TO

75 INT. PRISON LIBRARY INSERT THE COLLECTED WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS DAY

Thirty seven uniform volumes; a hand replaces Martin Chuzzlewit and takes down Hard Times.

76 REARDEN

having selected his book, moves towards the desk at the end of the room.

He hears a sharp tapping noise.

Rearden turns and sees:

77 SOAMES-TREVELYAN

reading quietly at a library table; he seemingly idly drums a pencil on the desk top.

78 REARDEN

hesitates, then moves to the table and joins Soames-Trevelyan.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
How are you, dear chap?

REARDEN
(opening his book)
Fine. Just catching up on my education. Helps pass the time ...

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
I dare say. Good stuff, Dickens. He understood the criminal mind ... I'm afraid, since our time is short, we must have a discussion along pecuniary lines.

REARDEN
Money?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Precisely.

REARDEN
How much?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
It's a bit like tax collecting ... You made off with 140 thousand pounds. My friends would like half, 70 thousand.

REARDEN
Kiss my arse, Colonel Blimp, there was exactly 120,000 value on the drop. The owners were laying it on a bit, and nobody sells at full price ... also, I have a partner,

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Did your partner shop you? If he did, you're broke, and therefore a dull fellow who's of no interest to anyone.

78 Continued

REARDEN
He's not the one who shopped me.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
I need the name of your partner.

REARDEN
I didn't give him up before and I'm not giving him to you.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Very well ... What was your take?

REARDEN
About 40 thousand pounds. And it's been put away.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
So it's still half. Twenty years at a thousand a year -- cheap at twice the price. They will take you over the wall and deliver you outside the country.

REARDEN
I've got a question. If your mob's so all-mighty, then what the hell are you doing in here?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Most embarrassing question, Rearden. I'm afraid I can't afford to run with this crowd. In any case I only have two more years to serve.

REARDEN
All right, cobber, get on with it.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
First you must spring five thousand. The rest will be paid on delivery.

REARDEN
Then what?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
You wait while they do a lot of homework. Poke around Sydney and talk to all your old chums. If you check out, they take you on.

78 Continued

REARDEN
What happens to my money if they change their minds?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Very simple. You lose.

REARDEN
I don't like the rules.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
They make the conditions, not you. And they only ask once. Now, are you in or out?

After a moment:

REARDEN
Get me a cheque on the Ausfuhren Handels Bank, Zurich ...

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Righto..

He walks away from the library table.

CUT TO

79 INT. LAUNDRY DAY

Rearden expertly operating a steam presser -- working his way through a huge pile of freshly laundered prison clothing...

80 INT. LAUNDRY DAY

Carrying an armful of pressed shirts, Rearden walks down the short aisleway -- on each side of him washers, driers and pressers are being run by sweating, T-shirted men ...

81 INT. LAUNDRY DAY

AT THE CHECK DESK, Rearden passes the shirts across the counter. The Attendant, also a prisoner, hands Rearden a log-sheet and a cheap

81 Continued

Japanese felt pen. Rearden signs his name and passes both items back to the Attendant.

ATTENDANT
Keep the pen, Bucko. It's a gift.

Rearden slips the Pen-tel into his pocket and quickly moves away.

CUT TO

82 INT. REARDEN'S CELL LATE NIGHT

All lights are out. Rearden is in his small bed ... He quietly stands, picks the pen-tel off the desk, separates the top and with a match stick pulls a small piece of tightly wound paper out of the top of the pen ...

83 INSERT

THE PAPER is a cheque from the Ausfuhren Handels Bank in Zurich ...

Rearden quickly fills out the cheque; he then begins re-rolling the cheque which is again deposited within the top of the pen ...

CUT TO

84 INT. LAUNDRY

Rearden works his steam press, quickly knocking off several shirts; he removes the felt-tip pen from his pocket between pulling the steam lever, and sets it aside, on the top of a nearby laundry table.

Soames-Trevelyan passes by, carrying a bundle of dirty clothes -- as he passes, Rearden again hits the steam lever -- covering the immediate area with vapour ... as the cloud passes, Soames-Trevalyan has moved on ... and the felt-tip pen is now missing from the table-top ...

CUT TO

85 INT. REARDEN'S CELL EARLY MORNING

The steady sound of a light rain. Rearden stands on his bed, looking out the small overhead window.

86 REARDEN'S P.O.V.

A street beyond the prison walls: A view of Freedom.

87 BACK TO THE CELL

Rearden ... watching ...

CUT TO

88 INT. GREAT HALL RECREATION AREA DAY

Torn magazines, beaten up radios, butt cans filled with sand ... Two Cons play table tennis at the rear of the quarters ...

Rearden sits at a large table working at a crossword puzzle. Soames-Trevelyan approaches him, carrying a chess set.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Would you care for a game, Mr Rearden?

Rearden looks at Soames-Trevelyan a moment, then sets aside his newspaper section.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
(setting up the chess board)
You'll be taken out in daylight --
The exercise yard on Saturday. Three o'clock.

REARDEN
I'll have to check with my secretary I might have a previous engagement.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
(now for the first time he is very serious)
This is not the time for idle remarks.

Rearden moves a pawn. Soames-Trevelyan counters with QP3.

88 Continued

REARDEN
You're a cautious man. That's a piano opening.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
You seem to have a great many friends in Sydney.

REARDEN
Everything checked ...

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
That's why I'm talking to you. Now think about this -- once you're out, if you can't find the fifteen thousand, then God help you. They asked me to tell you that in case you wish to change your mind.

REARDEN
They'll get their money.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
(moving a knight)
Someone else is going with you ...
You're going to help him ...

REARDEN
Who?

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Slade.

REARDEN
Slade! - I don't like it.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
Because of who he is? Suddenly a patriot, Rearden?

REARDEN
It's not who he is, it's what. He's a goddamn gimp.

SOAMES-TREVELYAN
No other way!

88 Continued

REARDEN
Not that move, Colonel Blimp. It gives me mate in three moves. You don't play very well ...

CUT TO

89 A WARDER

turning the wheel controlling the master lock on one wing of the cell block ...

90 A ROW OF CELL DOORS

as the latches simultaneously snap closed ...

CUT TO

91 CELL BLOCK LANDING NIGHT

A Guard jangling his key ring as he passes by the iron-doored cubicles ...

92 REARDEN'S CELL NIGHT

Rearden is at his desk. He opens the book to the first page ...

REARDEN (V.O.)
"I am born. Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show ..."

CUT TO

93 THE PRISON YARD MORNING

as prisoners move about, converge in small groups, exchange conversation ...

94 REARDEN

Leaning against the wall - prisoners exercising in the yard Soames-Trevelyan walks past Rearden.

95 SLADE

with high risk prisoners at the other end of the yard - Guard with dog.

96 REARDEN

Looks away to ...

97 BUSTER

who takes look.

98 SOAMES-TREVELYAN

moves up to Buster and gives him sign to start the fight.

99 TRACKING SHOT

through Warders and prisoners fighting.

99A HIGH ANGLE

Warders and prisoners in fight.

99B TRACKING

Rearden as he moves away from the wall - pushes through melee of prisoners and Warders - to stand by the other wall and looks off to Slade.

99C SLADE

Pacing slowly with other high risk prisoners.

99D PANNING SHOT

Cannisters coming over prison wall...

100 RESUME

Fight with Warders and prisoners - as SMOKE starts into shot...

101 RESUME REARDEN

with prisoners and Warders still fighting - looks away to

102 SLADE

as Warders now get the high risk prisoners into a corner and line them up against the wall.

103 CLOSE SHOT

Slade against wall - waiting -

104 RESUME REARDEN

Waiting....

105 PANNING

Sticks of dynamite over wall into High Risk area.

106 WARDER

with high risk prisoners reacts -

107 SLADE

with high risk prisoners as they disperse from the dynamite and he backs away -

108 REARDEN

takes cue - PANNING HIM - as he breaks from the wall, runs past the fighting section and into smoke -
towards escape wall - high risk prisoners running forward...

109 HIGH ANGLE

Camera cranes down with net - on end of crane - Rearden and Slade run in and grab hold as the net goes up - Warder hangs on and starts going up - then falls off...

110 THEIR P.O.V.

as they rise on the net - of the prison yard receeding.

111 LOW ANGLE

Rearden and Slade - on net - revealing crane arm - as they swing over the wall.

112 TOP OF WALL

Rearden and Slade - over the wall and fropping outside prison as

113 MOTOR CYCLES drive in - Slade and Rearden get on bikes which whip along full bore, leaving the prison behind...

114 THE MOTORCYCLES

and riders move flat out down a country road ... make a sharp turn ... suddenly one motorcycle veers off, moves in another direction and disappears around a separate corner.

115 ON ANOTHER ROAD

A long, straight stretch of nearly deserted highway. The only vehicle visible is a large moving van, lumbering down the road as the remaining cycle and riders appear.

The bike closes in quickly on the truck, arriving at the point when it should pass the slower vehicle, suddenly:

The tailgate of the truck opens, forming a ramp ... The motorcycle immediately goes up the ramp and is lost in the darkness of the van's interior.

RESUME PAGE 48 SCENE NO. 116

94 REARDEN

seated, relaxed, his back against a building. He casually tosses stones at some unknown target ...

95 SLADE

some distance from Rearden, obviously tense, he glances several times across at Rearden.

96 A GUARD DOWN IN THE YARD

watching with apparent boredom as the prisoners go about their normal activities.

97 REARDEN

stops flipping the small stones he holds in his hand. He appears to have heard some distant sound, to be straining to catch it again. Suddenly he is intense, tight, straining ...Nothing, then:

He stands, dropping his handful of stones, glances towards Slade, and moves away in the crippled man's direction ...

98 SLADE

sees Rearden and takes his cue. He starts moving away from the wall ...

99 REARDEN

still moving towards Slade, not at a pace that would draw attention, but all traces of casualness are gone.

100 AROUND THE YARD

everything is normal ...

A faint, but audible sound. The sensation is similar to a far-off swarming of bees. Occasionally, the pitch is raised by some erratic or accelerated movement.

100 Continued

The prisoners continue their conversations; the sound grows to a more audible level. No one about the yard reacts to the noise: seemingly a passing curiosity from beyond the walls.

Suddenly, the sound increases, culminating in a explosion of sound as ...

101 TWO MOTORCYCLES

clear the top of the wall in tandem, sailing ten feet above the crest of the barrier; the riders are helmeted, goggled, face masks, leather pants, high boots ... all features indistinguishable. Both machines and riders are exactly alike, down to the finest detail.

The bikes seem to sail down into the yard; travelling at incredible speed, yet they are exceptionally smooth and fluid, with balletic precision and grace ...

The rear wheels alight on the base of the yard, digging in ...

102 REARDEN

running flat out towards Slade who is moving out and away from the walls ...

103 AROUND THE YARD

there is total confusion and awe ... Prisoners scrabble away from the front of the speeding bikes ... Guards moving, hampered by the confusion and the incredibility of what is happening. Everyone is stunned by the deafening scream of the engines and the disbelief of the event ...

104 THE MOTORCYCLES

are racing along, flying through the prisoners ... One inmate falls directly in front ...

The nearest bike, front wheel off the ground by about five feet, as the rear wheel hits the struggling, downed man ... Without the slightest pause, the bike becomes airborne, sailing over the man and on through the air for thirty more feet ...

105 REARDEN AND SLADE

together, moving out into the open perhaps forty feet from the wall, beginning to separate ...

106 REARDEN SEES:

the bikes coming through the confusion, closing the gap in great leaps. Fast, fluid. Suddenly, when they are about forty feet out, both bikes simultaneously come around into a hard, fast slide. They are now approaching Rearden and Slade, sideways, low crossed up, sending skywards great clouds of dust. The heads of the riders are turned, facing Slade and Rearden. Machines and riders seem about to slide right over the two men. ..

107 REARDEN AND SLADE

The bikes sliding in fast. The confusion in the background is hidden through the dust. At the moment when the bikes reach the men and the inevitable, crippling collision between machines and men should occur, both Rearden and Slade step forward as if to step over the bikes. The bikes suddenly snap upright, automatically settling the two men onto them ...

108 THE MOTORCYCLES

as in one continuous flow the bikes slide around so that they now face back up the yard. Their front wheels lift from sudden acceleration and they go screaming back up the yard, charging back through the confusion towards the wall, still obscured by dust.

109 AT THE END OF THE YARD

the machines and riders emerge from the dust and come flying back down through the running prisoners, staying in the path they cleared only seconds before ...

110 THE MOTORCYCLES

accelerating, charging straight at the high rock wall. Suddenly, one staggers behind the other ...

111 The two machines now appear to be headed for a head-on full-out crash into one of the many buttresses which surround the walls, when ...

112 AT THE BASE OF THE PRISON WALL

the front of the bike comes up, the riders and passengers leaning well forward, compensating for the oblique angle ... The men are standing almost straight, the rear wheels making the only contact with the rough, 70 degree rock surface of the buttress and incredibly, unbelievably, both bikes are climbing, charging up the steep face ...

The tyre of the front bike hits the high voltage wires which run along the top of the wall, then they are gone. The flashing and shorting wires are now the only trace of what has happened ...

The sound of the engines again begins to recede, baffled once again by the high walls.

113 OVER THE WALL

the front bikes flies along the top of a truck which has been backed up to the barrier. A ramp is visible on top of the truck which was used by the motorcycles in getting over the wall into the yard. The second bike leaves the wall and glides down onto the truck, following the first machine down onto the street. They are again side by side as they whip along full bore, leaving the prison behind.

114 THE MOTORCYCLES

and riders move flat out down a country road ... make a sharp turn ... suddenly one motorcycle veers off, moves in another direction and disappears around a separate corner.

115 ON ANOTHER ROAD

A long, straight stretch of nearly deserted highway. The only vehicle visible is a large moving van, lumbering down the road as the remaining cycle and riders appears.

The bike closes in quickly on the truck, arriving at the point when it should pass the slower vehicle, suddenly:

The tailgate of the truck opens, forming a ramp ... The motorcycle immediately goes up the ramp and is lost in the darkness of the van's interior.

116 WITHIN THE TRUCK

as the tailgate closes, plunging the motorcycle into complete black.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
Turn on the light.

A light comes on in the roof of the truck. Rearden slips off the back of the machine and looks around. A MINI-AMBULANCE is parked within the van.

The woman is a tall blonde, dressed in a white Nurse's Uniform, with R.N. cap and cape. Behind her stands TAAFE, who is a stout man with the battered face of a small-time bruiser. He wears a White Attendant's clothing.

WOMAN
(sharply)
We haven't much time. Rearden, take off those clothes ... put these on ...

She hands him pyjamas.

As he begins to change quickly, the Motorcyclist peels off his mask.

MOTORCYCLIST
How does it feel to be out, chum?

REARDEN
I'm not sure I am yet.

MOTORCYCLIST
You are. You can bank on it.

Rearden is in pyjama trousers. As he reaches for the top, the Woman nods to the two men: Taafe and the Motorcyclist grab Rearden from behind and hold him tightly.

REARDEN
(to Woman)
What the hell is this?

WOMAN
Sweet dreams, Mr Rearden.

Her hand comes from behind her back, holding a hypodermic syringe. She jabs the needle into Rearden's arm.

117 INT. PARLIAMENT LONDON DAY

A lazy afternoon session. Sir George Wheeler, the member from Stoke Newton is speaking to nearly empty galleries and half-asleep colleagues ...

WHEELER
(stuffily, mid-speech)
... that a spy who has penetrated some of the innermost secrets of the British Government along with a spectacularly successful jewel thief, should break out of a high-security prison in broad daylight is not only shocking, it is inconceivable laxness on the part of men whose responsibilities cover these areas ...

VOICES
(a few back-benchers rousing themselves from their torpor for a moment)
Shame! Shame!

WHEELER
I propose, Mr Speaker, another investigation into the penal institutions of this country and the men involved with their administration ...

CUT TO

118 INT. BEDROOM SCARPERER'S HOUSE DAY

REARDEN

pulling himself upright in bed; his now-blond hair is badly mussed and he shows a growth of whiskers ...

He looks about a small room: dove-grey walls, gilt rococco panelling Dolly Varden dressing table, armchair ...

Rearden unsteadily gets out of bed.

Across the room, Rearden notices Slade sleeping heavily with his mouth open on a bed similar to his ...

119 AT THE WINDOW

Rearden peers outward, his view obstructed by thick steel bars on both sides of the pane of glass.

120 A COURTYARD FROM REARDEN'S VANTAGE POINT

The open area is surrounded by buildings. Nothing moves, except a blackbird foraging for worms on the lawn.

121 INT. BATHROOM DAY

REARDEN douses his head under the cold faucet, straightens, sees himself in the mirror and, registering surprise, he notices his cornsilk-coloured hair. As he stares at himself in the mirror, he sees the bedroom door open. The Woman and Taafe enter. He turns:

122 INT. BEDROOM SCARPERER'S HOUSE
REARDEN, GERDA, TAAFE, SLADE

The Woman wearing a simple house dress, smiles pleasantly at Rearden. Taafe black trousers, white jacket crosses, begins to make up Rearden's bed.

REARDEN
I see I'm a blond.

WOMAN
(nods)
My name is Gerda, Mr Rearden. You may be feeling a bit ill after the medication.
(produces them)
I've brought you some aspirin and something to settle your stomach.

She places two bottles on a table.

REARDEN
Where am I?

GERDA
(shakes her head regretfully)
No, Mr Rearden, I can't tell you that. You'd know as much as I do then ... That's not the way we like to do things ...

122 Continued

An uncomfortable pause. Sound of Slade's heavy breathing.

REARDEN
What's with him over there?

GERDA
He'll be all right. He's older than you. It's taking him a bit longer to recover ... You will be confined to this room until the time comes to move you again -- about a week from now, if all goes well ... We hope to make your stay here as comfortable as possible.

Taafe goes into bathroom. Sound of water running.

Gerda crosses to Closet, opens doors revealing suits on hangers, drawers, etc.

Gerda, in the manner of a saleslady, produces a suit, displays it.

GERDA
You'll find your clothing fits perfectly. We know everything about you ...

She returns the suit to the closet, opens a drawer, produces a GREEN PASSPORT.

GERDA (Cont)
Your name is Raymond Cruickshank. Here's your passport. You're a naturalized American citizen ...
(hands passport to Rearden, who opens it as she produces cufflinks)
Here are your initialled cuff links - the same initials are on the suitcase ...
(puts cufflinks back, takes out a wallet)
You better check this to make sure you know what's inside ...

Rearden takes wallet, pulls out some dollar bills, several credit cards and a dog-eared photograph.

123 INSERT PHOTO IN REARDEN'S HANDS

A BLOND REARDEN with a smiling dark-haired young woman. Three Young children, (two boys and a girl) and a Basset Hound.

REARDEN (V.O)
What's this?

GERDA (V.O)
The wife and kids.

124 BACK TO SCENE

REARDEN
Very nice.

He shoves Passport and Wallet into the pocket of his robe as Gerda closes the Closet doors, goes to a Cabinet opens it, displaying a well-stocked bar.

GERDA
Help yourself. If there's anything else you wish, just press that button..

She indicates a doorbell-like button near the doorway.

REARDEN
(grinning)
I want a banger.

GERDA
Banger, Mr Rearden?

REARDEN
You know what I mean.

GERDA
(frowns)
I'm afraid that's not possible ...

REARDEN
Why?

GERDA
Security, obviously.

REARDEN
I don't need to talk to her.

124 Continued

GERDA
Even if she didn't speak, she would see you.

REARDEN
Put a bag over her head.

GERDA
But you would see her.

REARDEN
Then put a bag over my head. Look, I've been in jail 15 months.

GERDA
I'm afraid you'll have to control those desires for another week or so.

They stare at one another - friendly opponents.

REARDEN
(shrugs)
How about a newspaper? ... I'd like to see how famous I am ...

GERDA
Certainly. The London Times will be brought to you ...

Taafe enters from Bathroom, gesturing with his hands as though turning faucets, making an indistinguishable sound.

GERDA (Cont)
Your bath is drawn, Mr Rearden. Taafe doesn't speak much. He hasn't got a tongue ...

She crosses the room, pushes bell. The door is opened by an ARMED GUARD. He allows Gerda and Taafe to pass through. The door is then shut and re-locked.

Rearden takes another look at Slade, goes into Bathroom.

DISSOLVE TO

125 INT. BEDROOM SCARPERER'S HOUSE REARDEN AND SLADE

Rearden, in a robe, emerges from the Bathroom to see Slade, sitting up in bed, reading a newspaper.

SLADE
(puts out his hand)
How do you do, Mr Rearden?

REARDEN
(shaking hands)
Hello, Slade.

Slade hands Rearden the newspaper. Rearden looks at it.

126 INSERT LONDON TIMES HEADLINES

SLADE AND JEWEL THIEF
ESCAPE FROM CHELMSFORD

PHOTOS OF SLADE AND REARDEN

127 BACK TO SCENE

REARDEN
Goddam newspaper put you in the headlines and doesn't even mention me by name until the second paragraph ...

SLADE
(a smile)
Sorry to have stolen your thunder.

REARDEN
Diamonds. Secrets. What's the difference? We're both thieves.

SLADE
Quite.

Slade gets up, crosses to window, looks out. Rearden goes to Closet, begins to get dressed.

SLADE
(continuing)
Where are we, by the way?

127 Continued

REARDEN
I've no idea. I asked - but they wouldn't tell me.

SLADE
Doesn't look like France, and it doesn't look like Italy ...
(turns to Rearden)
Have you been awake long?

REARDEN
Half an hour. I figure we've been out a couple of days.
(points to his arm)
Five punctures.

SLADE
(pulls up pyjama sleeve, looks at his arm)
The same.
(as he rolls down sleeve)
Two days. We could be anywhere.

Rearden, pulling a T-shirt over head, joins Slade, looks out companionably with him.

REARDEN
Lots of stone walls ... could be Yugoslavia ... or Greece ...

SLADE
Or the Cotswolds ...

REARDEN
No. We're near the sea.

SLADE
How do you know we're near the sea?

REARDEN
I can smell it.

He crosses for a jacket, begins to get into it.

127 Continued

REARDEN (Cont)
We're here for a week, it seems, then on to our destinations. At least you know where you're going, which is more than I can say.

SLADE
Yes. I'm going home.
(with a smile)
"Sleep after toil,
Port after stormy seas,
Ease after war,
Death after life does
Greatly please."

Rearden goes to cabinet, pours two drinks, hands one to Slade.

REARDEN
I don't know about you, Slade, but I'm not ready for death ... the rest of that I can drink to ...
(raises glass, drinks)
We all need some rest after our labours ...

SLADE
(drinking)
Indeed we do ...
(a pause)
How do you feel about me, Mr Rearden? I spied on your Country.

REARDEN
Not my country. I'm from Australia. And my parents were from Ireland.

SLADE
(smiles)
Ah, that explains a great deal.

SOUND of door being unlocked. Gerda comes in, carrying a tray with teapot, cups, etc, puts it down.

GERDA
Ah - you're dressed, Mr Rearden. Good. Mr Brown would like to see you.

127 Continued

REARDEN
Mr Brown! Not really?!

GERDA
Of course not.

She pushes bell, the door is unlocked. Rearden passes through.

128 INT. CORRIDOR SCARPERER'S

As Rearden steps through, he sees his escort: YOUNG, a blond tough-looking man, who carries a gun.

Near the door, the Armed Guard we saw before. Before moving away, Rearden's eyes take in the Guard and the plain wooden chair beside the door.

129 STAIRWAY

Rearden is led down a circular staircase by Young, a half-step behind him, gun in hand.

The house is large, and handsomely done, but kept quite dark.

130 INT. A DOWNSTAIRS ROOM

Young opens the door to a pleasant room where the curtains are drawn, and allows Rearden to enter, then follows him in.

Rearden looks around the room momentarily, sees another Tough (DANAHOE) seated on a davenport at the rear of the room. Young crosses to sit beside him as

Rearden walks towards MR BROWN, a small middle-aged man seated behind a handsome desk.

Mr Brown gestures for Rearden to be seated.

MR BROWN
Ah, Rearden! Good! You're looking fit. Very fit considering what you've been through. But I'm forgetting you were asleep the whole time, peacefully asleep. ... no doubt it did you good. It's excellent

130 Continued

MR BROWN (Cont)
therapy. Wish I could afford such a luxury ... I envy you. Yes I do ...
(leans forward)
Now to business ... You owe us Fifteen Thousand Pounds ... I have taken the liberty of obtaining a cheque on the same Swiss bank as before. Was my presumption correct?

Brown pushes the cheque towards Rearden; he lifts the pen, hesitates.

MR BROWN (continuing)
Your account number ... You haven't forgotten it, I trust?

Rearden smiles as he writes in the number - a long sequence of digits and letters ... shoves cheque over to Mr Brown.

REARDEN
I understand I'm here for a whole week. Why a week? Phone Zurich now. They'll tell you whether this cheque's good or not.

MR BROWN
We prefer having cash in hand. But it isn't just a question of the money, Mr Rearden ... Believe me, it's to your own advantage that you remain here while the dust settles.

REARDEN
And when it has?

MR BROWN
We'll send you on.

REARDEN
Where? Have you any objection to telling me where you intend to turn me loose?

MR BROWN
Yes I have, Mr Rearden. And I readily confess that this is entirely to our advantage. ... The less you know, the better for us.

130 Continued

REARDEN
As a matter of curiosity, am I to have another long therapeutic sleep?

MR BROWN
It's our policy, Mr Rearden, not to burden our clients with gratuitous information. We promised you safe delivery somewhere outside England and we shall keep our word ... Why? Because it's good business. You are by no means the first nor will you be the last to pass through our hands.

He rises, nods to Young to collect Rearden, bows his dismissal to Rearden.

CUT TO

131 INT. THE HOUSE OF COMMONS LONDON DAY

Wheeler at his bench, reading the Financial Times as a speaker drones along at the front of the Chamber -- the words indistinguishable.

A Page approaches Wheeler and passes him a card. Wheeler studies it for a moment, then rises ...

132 EXT. COMMONS COURTYARD DAY

Near the base of Big Ben, Mackintosh stands waiting as Wheeler approaches -- still carrying his newspaper ...

WHEELER
Good to see you, Alec.

MACKINTOSH
George.

Wheeler continues to read a back page story ...

WHEELER
Is it important? Question time is coming up.

132 Continued

MACKINTOSH
Yes, I'm going to break security with you on one of our operations ...

WHEELER
All very hush, hush.

MACKINTOSH
I'm attempting to save you possible embarrassment after the way you've been hammering at the Government ...

Wheeler pauses in his reading, now giving Mackintosh a very direct look.

WHEELER
The Slade affair?

MACKINTOSH
Precisely.

WHEELER
I have made it my pet item. Damn fellow just popped over the wall ...

MACKINTOSH
But he'll not make it home. We've penetrated the organisation that ran the escape. Slade will either be brought back or killed before he gets to Moscow ... And we will close down the network responsible.

WHEELER
The Russians, of course.

MACKINTOSH
We'll know for certain when our agent completes the operation. Within the week, the network should be blown.

WHEELER
And if your agent fails?

MACKINTOSH
He won't fail. We've run very tight security ... only he and I know ... and now you, George.

132 Continued

WHEELER
You do understand that it will be very difficult for me to drop this issue. I've made a great deal of it. People will expect me to pursue the affair ...

MACKINTOSH
I'm trying to help you, George. A certain few of us over at Whitehall see you as one of the last responsible voices left in Commons. We would hate to see this matter cloud your career: you might end up looking rather a fool ...

WHEELER
Yes, quite.

CUT TO

133 LONDON STREET REGENTS PARK AREA EARLY EVENING

Mackintosh buys one of the late papers from a street corner news-stand, carefully folds the edition up and puts it under his arm then, umbrella swinging, starts off towards Warwick Road.

134 A DARK ROVER

Is mired deep within the late traffic. As Mackintosh crosses the street, the Driver of the Rover watches his progress, moving in the same direction as Mackintosh ...

CUT TO

135 INT. THE BEDROOM SCARPERER'S

Rearden and Slade are playing chess. Complete silence.

Sound of door being unlocked. Gerda enters.

GERDA
Mr Brown would like to see you, Mr Slade.

135 Continued

Slade nods, moves a chess piece. Rearden sighs, studies the board as Slade pushes the bell and leaves.

Gerda goes to Slade's part of the room, gets out a suitcase, begins to pack Slade's clothing.

REARDEN
What's up?

GERDA
I'm packing Mr Slade.

REARDEN
Are you moving us on?

GERDA
My instructions were only to pack for Mr Slade.

REARDEN
What about me?

GERDA
I don't know, Mr Rearden.

As Gerda closes the suitcase, Brown, Young and Taafe come in. Brown has the English Bull on a leash. He nods to Gerda, who exits quickly.

Brown sits down on a couch, the dog beside him. He pets the dog as he and Rearden regard one another then, unexpectedly, says:

BROWN
(releasing leash)
Get him, Gunner!

The dog goes for Rearden; Rearden rises. The dog fastens onto Rearden's ankle. He tries to kick free.

BROWN
How dare you kick my dog - you reprobate! ...

REARDEN
What the hell ...?

BROWN
Here, Gunner, here, my boy.

135 Continued

The dog, growling, returns reluctantly to his Master, who re-fastens the leash.

BROWN (Cont)
I will not abide cruelty to dumb animals! You shall be taught a lesson ...

He nods to Taafe and Young who move in. Rearden struggles, manages to get in a couple of blows but finds his arms pinioned behind him.

He gets in a few good kicks before Young begins to administer a sadistic, brutal beating — all body blows - to the stomach, over the heart, etc. While all this is going on:

BROWN (Cont)
(without pausing)
... and while you're having it... let's hear your real name!

REARDEN
Joseph Rearden. What the hell's going on? Let me go!

BROWN
Where are you from?

REARDEN
You know damn well ...
(groans)

BROWN
Who are you working for?
(no answer)
Queensland, 1967. Who was the oldest lag?

REARDEN
(a gasp)
Whitey Reitman ...

BROWN
Have a cell mate?

REARDEN
Danny Logan.

135 Continued

BROWN
Who are you?
(no answer)
What was Logan in for?

REARDEN
Armed robbery.

BROWN
Who are you?
(no answer)
How many executions during your cut . . . ?

REARDEN
Three. Halsman . . . Waterford . . . O'Neil . . .

BROWN
What's your real name?

REARDEN
Joseph Rearden.

BROWN
Where were you in November, 1969?

REARDEN
Adelaide.

BROWN
Where did you live?

REARDEN
Hotel . . .

BROWN
What hotel . . . ?

REARDEN
Arthur's Seat.

BROWN
Who are you?

REARDEN
Joseph Rearden.

135 Continued

BROWN
Why did you come to England?
(no answer)
Who are you working for . . ?
(no answer)
What's your real name? . . . Who are you . . . ? Who are you . . . ?

Young chops Rearden across the neck - he sags in Taafe's arms, unconscious. Taafe lets him fall to the floor.

136 EXT. ROAD IN HAMPSTEAD NIGHT

Mackintosh lies without movement on a wet street corner curbway in Hampstead: his body is lifted by two ambulance men, who slip a stretcher beneath the crumpled man, cover his body with a blanket, then strap him to the underlying stretcher . . . Mackintosh is quickly loaded onto the ambulance: it moves swiftly away into the night, blue and red light turning, HEE HAW SIREN blaring.

Several Bobbies control the small crowd of gawking pedestrians and slowing vehicle traffic.

One Bobbie is taking notes, listening to an EYEWITNESS.

EYEWITNESS
I came around the corner . . . I take a constitutional every night at this time. . . and I saw a man ahead of me. We were the only ones on the block. He stepped off the curb and started across - up there - and a car roared down out of nowhere, caught him, and tossed him - I heard him hit . . .
(shudders)

BOBBIE
What make of car, sir?

EYEWITNESS
I didn't notice - thought the driver would stop, -you know . . . My first thought was helping the poor fellow. When I saw how he was . . .

As he continues talking, we

CUT TO

137 INT. BEDROOM SCARPERERS' HOUSE REARDEN'S HANDS NIGHT

attaching a ripped-away lamp cord to the piston within the bathroom toilet; the cord being secure, Rearden replaces the porcelain hatch over the inner-workings and pays out the line under the bathroom door ...

138 BACK IN THE BEDROOM NIGHT

Rearden knots a strip of torn bedsheet to the lampcord, pulls up the rug, puts the line under the carpet, which is then replaced, and stuffs the end of his make-shift rope into the closet.

The room is now nearly bare due to Taafe's handiwork. Rearden then lays a chair on the floor and, using considerable strength, he wrenches a leg off the chair, hefts it in his hand as a weapon ...

139 THE BATHROOM

Rearden washes and dries his hands, rolls his sleeves down and buttons them, then shuts the bathroom door tightly after setting the lock from the inside and holding the snap latch in place with the flattened cardboard core of a roll of toilet paper.

140 REARDEN

Now in the bedroom, he gingerly eases the cardboard out of place and is rewarded with the SOUND of the latch snapping shut. Rearden tries the door, it is securely locked.

141 NEAR THE CLOSET

Rearden slips on his necktie and suitcoat ... Searches for wallet and passport. They are gone.

CUT TO

142 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BEDROOM NIGHT
BROWN, DANAHOE, GUARD

Brown and Danahoe coming down the corridor and approaching the entrance to Rearden's room. Brown nods to the Guard who unlocks the door. He and Danahoe enter:

143 INT. BEDROOM

Danahoe shuts the door and the two men look about - seeing only the empty room.

144 INT. CLOSET REARDEN

with door slightly ajar. He pulls the knotted sheet-cord.

145 INT. BEDROOM

SOUND of flushing toilet. Brown and Danahoe turn in direction of bathroom. Danahoe moves towards bathroom door. Both men now have their backs to the closet.

Rearden, moving fast, steps out of the closet with the chairleg in his hands like a baseball bat. He fells both men with great speed, striking them on the head right and left. Danahoe attempts to fight but Rearden knocks him right out with a second blow.

Rearden goes through Brown's pockets quickly, takes out a wallet, pockets it. Next he tosses the bed mattress onto the floor and rips open the ticking; he piles the cotton wadding into a heap ... Rearden strikes a match and tosses it onto the pile, which begins to smoulder...

146 BROWN

is beginning to revive, he twitches and shakes his head as Rearden moves back to him and slaps him twice, smartly across both cheeks ...

REARDEN
I'm going to kill you if you don't do what I say. You understand? Understand?

Brown is wide-eyed with fear, he nods affirmatively.

Rearden pulls Brown roughly to his feet - he looks at Danahoe who lies without movement and then at the fire - still smouldering, but gaining momentum ...

REARDEN
Walk over to the door and stop in front of it. You won't kick it now, will you?

Brown shakes his head and shuffles forward, Rearden holding him in a half-Nelson ... Near the door, Rearden presses the bell push - the signal that Brown wants to be let out ...

146 Continued

The door swings open and Rearden pushes Brown forward, yelling at the top of his voice ...

REARDEN

Fire!

147 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BEDROOM

Rearden follows up fast behind Brown as he staggers into the corridor. The Guard is startled and only sees Brown and then the fire, which bursts into a huge flame as the air from the corridor hits it ...

Rearden thrusts Brown into the Guard, who reels back. Rearden then hits him hard with the chairleg, felling him. Then he wrenches the automatic from the Guard's shoulder holster - the automatic carries a three inch silencer - and races off down the corridor.

148 STAIRCASE GERDA

comes rushing up the staircase in response to the commotion. She turns the corner into the corridor ... faces Rearden ... He looks at her a moment, then drops her with a tremendous left-hook to the point of the jaw ... Gerda falls as if she had been shot ...

149 REARDEN ON THE STAIRCASE

now running quickly downward and onto the next level hallway ... walking carefully, gun extended, he moves down the corridor ...

150 THE DARK MAN

eating a ham sandwich as he appears through the archway at the end of the corridor. He sees Rearden and reaches for his coat ... too late, as Rearden's silenced bullet smashes his kneecap ... he falls to the floor, screaming ...

151 REARDEN

moves to the Dark Man, removes his gun and continues on his way; he opens a door off the hallway ...

Overhead there is the SOUND of running feet, men shouting ...

152 INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM SCARPERERS' HOUSE

which Rearden crosses after closing the door. He approaches the window, seeing for the first time that he is on the first floor ... the window is not barred ...

Rearden tries to open the window, but the ancient frame is stuck fast - he steps back, kicks out the panes, and leaps down into a courtyard outside.

153 EXT. COURTYARD NIGHT

Rearden runs for the high stone wall that encircles the house -- as he pulls himself over, several of the stones disintegrate near his hand ...

154 DANAHOE

showing the marks of his bludgeoning, unsteadily fires a silenced pistol at the disappearing escapee ...

155 REARDEN

running across a field. He comes to a dry stone wall, hurries over it, the stones he dislodges fall towards him as he reaches the other side. He leaps away.

156 SOUND OF BARKING, MEN'S VOICES

Rearden finds himself in:

157 A SMALL FIELD, fenced in with four stone walls.

He crosses quickly, clambers over another wall, more stones roll with his progress.

158 REARDEN COVERT

Rearden crossing quickly towards the thick bushes and few slender trees in a clump to one side. He heads for the covert, hides for a moment, looking back.

THREE POWERFUL FLASHLIGHTS, spaced at intervals, moving in his direction.

158 Continued

DANAHOE'S VOICE (O. S.)
After him, Gunner!

159 REARDEN BOG

An innocent looking stretch in the starlight.

After a few steps, Rearden sinks to his knees. He's in a bog. Rearden retraces his steps, pulling himself out of the black, viscous mire.

Dog's barking NEARER.

160 SMALL RUINED KEEP

covered with ivy. Rearden, crouching, hurries across the field, past a small ruined keep, dodging around stones.

Sound of WATER RUNNING.

Rearden arrives at the edge of a small stream, its bank thick with rushes and dogwood.

Behind him is a WHITE BLUR, the dog.

A few yards upstream is a

161 STONE BRIDGE

Rearden steps into the water. It is waist-high and swift.

As he moves carefully upstream, the dog arrives at the edge of the bank and leaps at him.

Rearden seizes the charging dog with both hands, sinks under the water with him.

162 FIELD NEAR RUINED KEEP FLASHLIGHT

sweeping the field, coming towards the stream.

DANAHOE'S VOICE
Get him, Gunner!

162 Continued

Danahoe splashes through the stream and out the other side as:

Young and Taafe run across the bridge.

163 EXT. STREAM REARDEN

comes up for air, still holding the dog down.

The underwater struggle ceases. Rearden releases his grip on the animal. Its body rises and floats downstream.

Rearden cuts off in another direction.

In B.G. ARDFRYE is burning fiercely.

164 INT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL LONDON
PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

A small private room. Mackintosh, unconscious, breathes laboriously from a small bed as he is given an injection by a white-coated NURSE.

165 A CARDIAC MONITOR

BEEPS persistently, each sound pulsation matching Mackintosh's heart rhythm ...

166 MRS SMITH

sits opposite the bedside on a straight-backed, wooden chair; her eyes go from the Nurse to Mackintosh and finally up to:

167 THE CARDIAC MONITOR

which continues its intermittent sound.

DISSOLVE TO

168 EXT . CONNEMARA LANDSCAPE LAKE REARDEN DAY

Rearden, moving tiredly now, his clothing dried after the long night's hike, stops beside a small lake. Wild swans swim away from the intruder.

Rearden douses his head in the water, washes.

169 EXT. CONNEMARA LANDSCAPE ROAD DAY
REARDEN AND OLD MAN

Rearden is walking through a desolate landscape, a few widely-scattered cottages.

Running through this barren country is a small ribbon of road. Rearden can see for miles in each direction.

Standing at a cross roads some distance away is an OLD MAN.

As Rearden plods towards the Old Man, a BUS appears on the horizon. He quickens his pace, steps onto the Country Road, joins the Old Man, who turns to greet him.

OLD MAN
(in Gaelic)
Good morning. Lovely soft day . . .

REARDEN
(a language he's never heard; despairing)
Christ!

OLD MAN
You speak English?

REARDEN
God yes! What was that you were speaking?

OLD MAN
(smiling)
The Gaelic.

REARDEN
The Gaelic?

Old Man points to a roadsign.

170 ROADSIGN: It is written in two languages, Gaelic and English. The English portion reads: KILMEEDY-BALLINGARRY.

Rearden smiles at the Old Man.

The bus is approaching. Rearden casually removes Brown's wallet, looks into it, removes a pound note, as we HEAR the bus nearing, braking.

171 EXT. ROUNDSTONE ESTABLISHING SHOT DAY
REARDEN, TINKER, CHILDREN

Roundstone offers a splendid view of Bertragboy Bay.

At the bottom of a sloping street is a row of houses and a jetty. A few motorboats for fishermen, a couple of sailboats in the Harbour.

Near the Jetty is a GREEN TELEPHONE BOOTH.

Rearden walks down the sloping street, enters the Phone Booth.

172 INT. PHONE BOOTH REARDEN

deposits a coin, waits.

REARDEN
I'd like a call to London, please.
01-237 9996 . . .

OPERATOR'S VOICE (O.S.)
All my lines to London are engaged . . .
call you back . . .

REARDEN
I'm in a phone booth . . .

OPERATOR'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, I know. Call you back . . .

Rearden hangs up. As he does so, he realizes he has an audience.

THREE TINKER CHILDREN of various ages are staring in at him.

173 REARDEN LEAVES THE BOOTH, looks at children, then at the few shop

TINKER BOY
Give us a penny, sir, for the love of
God . . . a penny, sir . . .

173 Continued

REARDEN
(hands him coin)
Here's a shilling ... and I'll give you another if you'll come get me - in there --
(he points to a sign:
O'DONOVAN'S BAR)
when that phone rings again.

TINKER BOY
Sure, Mister.

Rearden strolls across and into:

174 INT. O'DONOVAN'S BAR REARDEN, O'DONOVAN, COUPLE OF GARDA, VOLUNTEER FIREMEN COUNTRY PEOPLE

A small crowd is gathered in the bar, behind which a grey-haired, red-faced O'DONOVAN presides -- all talking about the fire.

VOLUNTEER FIREMAN
... Nothing we could do when we got there. It was burning like a torch ...

2ND VOLUNTEER FIREMAN
Had to just stand there and watch her go up ...

O'DONOVAN
Ardfrye. First it's burned down in the Troubles ...

VOICES OF AGREEMENT
Ay ...

Rearden edges up to the end of the bar, orders a double whiskey.

O'DONOVAN
Then Mr Brown restores it ... and now she's a shell again ... makes you wonder ...
(hands Rearden glass)

GARDA
Pitiful, it was. Him standing there calling the dog ... "Gunner ... Gunner" ... Pitiful.

174 Continued

COUNTRY MAN
Burned to death?

GARDA
Aye . . .

O'DONOVAN
How did it happen? What started it?

GARDA
Nobody knows. There'll be an investigation, of course. From Dublin Castle.

REARDEN
What happened to the people in the house?

1ST GARDA
They're all right, sir, thank the Lord. Splendid man, Mr Brown. Retired gentleman. English. Lived quietly with his housekeeper and a mute who was a rare gardener. They'll be sorely missed.

VOLUNTEER FIREMAN
I says to him, "What a shame all your fine things have gone up in smoke . . . he had oil paintings, and the like . . . and he says, 'It could be worse. No one was hurt.' Can you beat that?

COUNTRY MAN
Maybe he'll build her up again . . .

2ND GARDA
Maybe. But from the look of him - all shrivelled like - I wouldn't think so -

1ST GARDA
Stricken, he was.

O' DONOVAN
What'll he do now, do you think?

174 Continued

VOLUNTEER FIREMAN
He didn't know. Miss Gerda and Mr. Taafe helped him in his car. And the three of them went off.

TINKER BOY
(from doorway)
Hey, Mister! The phone's ringing!

175 A TELEPHONE

ringing ...

176 thru 179 THE OFFICE OF ANGLO-SCOTTISH LTD. LONDON

The office is empty, shades drawn, lights out ... the phone on the reception desk continues to ring abrasively.

Mrs. Smith moves into the office, as the phone continues to ring, flips on the light switch, crosses, lifts the receiver.

MRS. SMITH
Anglo-Scottish ...
Where in Ireland?
No, you can't speak to him. He's in hospital ... Yes. Serious.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH ROUNDSTONE REARDEN (already shot)

REARDEN
Oh Christ!
Who do I talk to?

INT. ANGLO-SCOTTISH MRS. SMITH

MRS. SMITH
You talk to me.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH REARDEN (already shot)

REARDEN
Place called Ardfrye House burnt down last night. Near Roundstone. Owned by a man named Brown. He's been masquerading as a country squire of sorts. I'll bet there's a photograph of him attending a local flower show or something ...

176 thru 179 Continued
INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH REARDEN (already shot)

REARDEN (cont.)
eh? ... He knows he's in trouble so he's on the run. Maybe with a big red haired ex-pug with no tongue, if you could believe that. And a tall blonde Nordic female, name of Gerda. See what you can do with that.

INT. ANGLO-SCOTTISH MRS. SMITH

MRS. SMITH
Where's Slade?

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH REARDEN (already shot)

REARDEN
Gone. Left no forwarding address.

INT. ANGLO-SCOTTISH MRS. SMITH

MRS. SMITH
Look, there's an airstrip outside Galway ... Oranmore. Pick me up there in about five hours from now.

179A INT. LONDON HOSPITAL CORRIDOR AND ROOM DAY

A Nurse walks quickly along the corridor with a trolley holding sterilized injection equipment etc. A Uniformed Policeman and a plain-clothes Security Man are on guard outside the door of Mackintosh's room.

NURSE
Nurse Carpenter.

The Security Man checks her identity against a list of names and figures.

SECURITY MAN
Okay. Thank you.

He opens the door and the Nurse goes into the room.

179B INT. HOSPITAL ROOM MACKINTOSH, DOCTOR, MRS SMITH, TWO NURSES

MACKINTOSH lies in oxygen tent, another NURSE at his bedside. A DOCTOR is talking to MRS. SMITH who looks anxiously down at MACKINTOSH.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry,Mrs. Smith - it's impossible to be more precise. He might regain consciousness, on the other hand I must warn you he might die at any moment.
(takes injection apparatus from the trolley)
Or he could remain in this sort of coma for several weeks. I'm sorry.

He turns away to administer the injection and Mrs. Smith leaves the room, passing the man on guard outside.

180 EXT. JETTY ROUNDSTONE REARDEN AND FISHERMAN

REARDEN strolls down onto the Jetty. Coming in to the Harbour is a large yacht, the 'Artina', a spanking beauty built by Clelands on the Tyneside; 112 feet in length, 22 across the beam and twin Rolls 350 diesels to pull her.

REARDEN watches her thoughtfully, then approaches a FISHERMAN, stacking boxes inwhich lobsters are shipped.

REARDEN
Morning ...

FISHERMAN
Lovely day ...

REARDEN
Beautiful boat.

FISHERMAN
It is that. The 'Artina'. Belongs to Sir George Wheeler.

REARDEN
The M.P.?

FISHERMAN
I wouldn't be knowing, sir. All I know is he's rich and English. No one in poor old Ireland could afford a boat like that.

REARDEN
(disinterested)
Where can I rent a car around here?

FISHERMAN
No hire rental in a place this size.

180 CONTINUED

REARDEN
I'll take anything with wheels and an engine ...
(smiles, knowing how he looks)
I can pay for it - in advance.

FISHERMAN
(considering)
I could call my brother-in-law ...

180A INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE MR. CRANTON, MRS. SMITH - DAY

MR. CRANTON, Mackintosh's solicitor, stands behind his desk speaking to Mrs. Smith who sits impatiently facing him. He is the senior partner of a very respectable and somewhat old-fashioned firm and this is reflected by the misty decor of the office. He always smiles comfortingly when imparting bad news and he is doing so now - the personification of the smiling negative.

CRANTON
I entirely agree, Mrs. Smith, that you, above all people, are entitled to see Mr. Mackintosh's letter..
(she leans forward eagerly)
.. but I regret it is impossible. My instructions are precise and unalterable. That letter may only be opened in the sad event of my client's death.

MRS. SMITH gets up and starts to leave.

CRANTON
(continued)
I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith.

CUT beginning of Scene 181 on page 78.

181 EXT. ORANMORE AIRFIELD REARDEN MRS. SMITH PILOT DAY

REARDEN, standing beside a Stake Truck with a full load of turf in the back, watches an Apache Six Seater set down on the grass runway and taxi to a halt. MRS. SMITH exits the airplane and begins walking towards REARDEN, carrying a valise in each hand.

The pilot of the Apache restarts its engine and begins to motor it over to the hanger area.

REARDEN goes forward, takes the suitcase.

MRS. SMITH
(reacting to his appearance)
What happened?

REARDEN
I was hoping you'd tell me.

MRS. SMITH
You were beaten.

REARDEN
Sure. They beat hell out of me. Somebody blew the whistle - Who?

MRS. SMITH
No one else knew anything about this operation except Mackintosh and me.

REARDEN
Well?

MRS. SMITH
You know better than I, even, it it couldn't have been him.

REARDEN
So?

MRS. SMITH
It wasn't me.

REARDEN
I only have your word for that.

MRS. SMITH
Suspect me, Mr. Raerden? Then why am I here?

REARDEN
I'm working on the answer.

MRS. SMITH
To kill you, perhaps?.. assuming I'm a double agent.

REARDEN
Perhaps.

She takes a gun from her purse. There is a little moment of tension before she hands the gun to him. She then produces a passport.

MRS. SMITH
Yet another passport, Mr. Stannard. This time you're a South African farmer.
(he takes it)
What's out next move?

REARDEN
Next move? There isn't any! Slade's gone. I was supposed to kill him rather than let him get away - but Brown and company were on to me before I had the chance. I'm glad, after a fashion - I rather liked Slade.

MRS. SMITH
Is Brown our only hope of tracing him? What about the others?

REARDEN
There are some left-over hooligans still beating the bogs for me, I imagine, but they wouldn't know anything...How's Mackintosh?

MRS. SMITH
He's in a coma.

REARDEN
Christ! I've had it! No matter what this passport says, I'm Rearden in the eyes of the law. It'll take weeks to clear me. I'm damned if I let them return me to Chelmsford - I'm going to earth right here and wait it out.

MRS. SMITH
Unless Mackintosh dies.

REARDEN
How's that?

MRS. SMITH
In such instances as this, where only Mackintosh has the answers, he always writes a letter to be opened in case of his death. It tells everything about the operation - who's involved, whom he suspects.....

REARDEN
Where is this letter?

MRS. SMITH
With his solicitor.

REARDEN
Call him! Tell him it's an emergency.

181 CONTINUED

MRS. SMITH
An Act of Parliment couldn't open that envelope before his death.

REARDEN
All right. You fly back to London and smother the son of a bitch with his own pillow.

MRS. SMITH
I couldn't do that. Mackintosh is my father.

He takes her face in his hands, stares at it intensely, then:

REARDEN
Yes!
(releasing her)
Christ, I'm tired! I'm so goddam tited I can't think... so you'll have to do the thinking for me. Think, Mrs. Smith...

MRS. SMITH
Everything was working for us - until yesterday. Then things began to happen - the wrong things. Slade...you... my father...
(in answer to his look)
Hit and run. Last night...It was no accident. None of it was. Mackintosh had only one appointment yesterday. Came up from the country especially for it....
(shakes her head)
No...

REARDEN
Who did he see?

MRS. SMITH
That stupid ass, Sir George Wheeler.

REARDEN
Wheeler!
(pieces fir, for him)
Slade's on that boat!

MRS. SMITH
What boat?

REARDEN
Get in!

182. INT. TRUCK(MOVING SHOT) REARDEN AND MRS. SMITH

as they move away from Oranmore.

REARDEN
How long have you known Wheeler?

MRS. SMITH
I've never met him. Mackintosh has known him for yeers. Casually, Cambridge. The army during the war. He was parachuted.. into Yugoslavia, lost contact with his unit, turned up a yeer later. He's been in the hills with the partisans.

REARDEN
The communists.

MRS. SMITH
They were on our side then.

REARDEN
All good Communists were, including Mother Russia.

MRS. SMITH
Oh, come on! Millionaires don't become Communists. Especially millionaire M.P.'s and most especially not George Wheeler.

REARDEN
(mildly)
Maybe.

183 EXT. HARBOUR ROUNDSTONE

The ARTINA slips her moorings and starts to come about, heading toward the South Sound of Bertragboy Bay.

184 EXT. MAIN STREET ROUNDSTONE STAKE TRUCK

rumbles to a stop. The ARTINA can be seen moving away.

REARDEN and MRS SMITH get out of truck, staring at yacht.

REARDEN
Call Wheeler's office. Say you're the Press or something. Find out if Wheeler's on board and where they're going.

MRS SMITH
Right. I'll check with Lloyds as well.

185 INSERT IBM TEARSHEET LLOYDS OF LONDON

An I.B.M. 370 spits out a long rolling tearsheet. The third entry down reads: (whatever is correct for Irish Republic)

ARTINA G.B. HEAD S.S.E.
CURRENT LAT-LONG 36° 6N 5° 21W
DEST. MALTA ...

186 INT. I.B.M. ROOM LLOYDS

An ATTENDANT tears off the sheet and returns to his desk - where his telephone receiver is off the hook.

187 GREEN TELEPHONE BOOTH, ROUNDSTONE DAY.

MRS SMITH comes out of the booth. REARDEN is waiting.

MRS SMITH
They're going to Malta. No mystery about it. Wheeler's having meetings with the local politicians and taking a look at the rundown of British forces. All part of his job as a Member of Parliament.

REARDEN
Any stops on the way?

MRS SMITH
No.

REARDEN
Slade's on that boat. He has to be.

187 CONTINUED

MRS SMITH
But that's fantastic - it's unbelievable!

REARDEN
It's the perfect place to keep him under wraps. They've probably fixed a rendezvous with a trawler or something. Transfer him at night.

MRS SMITH
(amused)
In full view of the entire crew?

REARDEN
No, of course not. They couldn't risk it. So that means they'll put him ashore in Malta and make the switch there.

MRS SMITH
That's a pretty wild guess, Mr. Rearden.

REARDEN
(angrily)
Thanks to your father's tight bloody security that's all I can do - guess. But when that yacht arrives in Malta I'm going to be there to meet it.

MRS SMITH
We are.

REARDEN
I don't need you.

MRS SMITH
You're a wanted criminal. But they'll be looking for a man on his own. That's why you need me. For cover. I'm a good person to have around in case of emergency. You'll see.

REARDEN
Okay. What's your first name?

MRS SMITH
Veronique.

REARDEN
Mine's Owen. People who travel together use Christian names. Get in.
(she doesn't move; more gently)
Please, Veronique.

She smiles, gets into truck.

188 A GREY MERCEDES, with Young at the wheel and Danahoe beside him, rounds a curve into Main Street from the other side of town.

Danahoe signals Young to pull over, nodding towards :

189 REARDEN FROM DANAHOE'S P. O. V.

getting into the Stake Truck.

190 INT. GREY MERCEDES DANAHOE AND YOUNG

Danahoe reaches within his coat and removes a large machine pistol from his waistband; he then slides a full clip of bullets into place.

Young continues staring down the street.

191 REAR VIEW MIRROR REARDEN'S P. O. V.

The Grey Mercedes catches his eye.

192 INT. THE TRUCK REARDEN AND MRS SMITH

He continues to stare in the mirror thoughtfully as he restarts the engine, moves away.

193 INT. THE MERCEDES

As the truck pulls forward, Young starts the engine. His progress after Rearden slow. because of normal day-time activity in the village and the need for caution.

196 thru' 230 REARDEN AND MRS. SMITH AS HE DRIVES, MERCEDES CHASING THEM. (Dialogue to be overlaid intermittently throughout scenes).

REARDEN

What's Wheeler like?

MRS. SMITH

Never met him.

REARDEN

What do you know about him?

MRS. SMITH

Good family. Inherited wealth. Extreme reactionary. Mackintosh has known him for years. Casually.

REARDEN

How?

MRS. SMITH

Cambridge. The Army during the War.

REARDEN

What was Wheeler?

MRS. SMITH

He was a Colonel in the Special Air Service. He was parachuted into Yugoslavia in '42, fought with them for two years - excellent War record..

REARDEN

Communist partisans. Plenty of time to convert him.

MRS. SMITH

Oh, come on! Millionaires don't become Communists, especially millionaire M.P.'s and most especially not George Wheeler.

(CONTINUED)

196 thru' 230 (Contd.)

REARDEN

Mrs. Smith, you've stopped thinking.

MRS. SMITH

But it's impossible

REARDEN

Improbable, maybe, but not impossible.. Wheeler's a spy.

MRS. SMITH

And I'm Pharoah's daughter.

REARDEN

Mackintosh knew he was a spy but he couldn't prove it. Therefore..he broke his own security - it was no slip. It was a deliberate act to create this situation - and everything is going exactly as he planned. The Big Fish took the bait. He's running with it. It only remains for Mackintosh to set the hook and horse him in...but he can't. He's in coma.. something he didn't foresee.

MRS. SMITH

But we've no proof. We've only your suppositions.

REARDEN

Conclusions, Mrs. Smith. When the Artina docks at Valletta, I'll prove them.

194 THE TRUCK

grinding along a country road, Rearden pushing it hard.

195 REARDEN

looks into his mirror; the Mercedes tops a hill a half-mile behind.

REARDEN
Veronique, we've got problems.

A sharp left turn onto another road comes up, Rearden whips the truck into it and through an S curve ... each side of this narrow highway is bounded by hedgerows and stone fences ...

Rearden again looks into the mirror; again the Mercedes appears from behind ...

196 INSIDE THE MERCEDES

Young accelerates as Danahoe takes out his pistol ... They quickly come up on the truck which blocks their way on the confined roadway...

Attempting to pass, Young sounds the horn ...

197 INSIDE THE TRUCK REARDEN

As the horn continues to honk ...

He withdraws pistol from his coat and hands it to Mrs Smith.

198 THE TRUCK

approaches a straight portion of the highway ... The big vehicle swings over, seemingly allowing the Mercedes to pass.

199 THE MERCEDES

inches up alongside, Danahoe quickly unrolls his window ...

200 REARDEN

looking down from the truck cab ... he sees Danahoe and the pistol ... to

206 Simultaneously as Danahoe fires, Rearden wrenches the truck to the right, forcing the Mercedes off the road and smashing it to a stop against the hedgerow. Danahoe's bullets have shot out a portion of the metal doorway frame above Rearden's head.

207 THE TRUCK

continues forward, reaching the crest of a hill ... leaving the Mercedes crashed at the side of the road.

208 YOUNG

frantically restarts the Mercedes, and smacks it into gear -- the car throws mud and gravel in its wake as it powers back onto the highway.

209 THE TRUCK

crosses the top of Corkscrew hill and begins the long, winding descent.

210 THE MERCEDES

burning up the highway in pursuit.

211 THE TRUCK

takes a sharp left and right turn, tyres screaming ...

212 REARDEN

fighting with clutch and gearbox as the truck careers along the downhill run.

213 THE MERCEDES

closing in on the truck, sweeps through the same turns ...

214 YOUNG

driving precisely, handling the car with expertise - Danahoe has his gun held ready ...

215 ON THE ROADWAY

as the car closes behind the truck, Rearden manoeuvres the clumsy vehicle so that the car cannot draw alongside ... The two machines bump hard as they go through two more sharp bends ... The Mercedes drops back a bit, looking for room ...

216 REARDEN

suddenly gears down and jams on the brakes ...

217 THE MERCEDES

cannot avoid the impact -- it CRASHES head on into the abruptly stopping truck ...

218 DANAHOE

rips off three shots at the cab of the truck, but the bullets are absorbed by the load of peat ...

219 REARDEN IN THE CAB

finds reverse gear, he pops the clutch ...

220 THE TRUCK

shoves the Mercedes backward, pushing it back against a stone wall, metal grinding on metal, the Mercedes is tipped sideways by the torqueing power of the stake truck ... The Mercedes goes up and over, coming to rest on one side, two wheels spinning in air ...

The truck again moves away down the road, disappearing from sight as Danahoe and Young leap from their car and begin attempting to push it upright.

221 INSIDE THE CAB

The truck is labouring against the steepness of the downhill grade ... Rearden can barely control the lumbering vehicle.

222 THE MERCEDES

topples back onto its four wheels ... the two thugs jump back inside, the car again screams away in pursuit, despite the terrible battering it has taken ...

223 REARDEN

takes another sharp turn as the Mercedes again appears in his rear view mirror ...

224 A FARMER

driving a tractor is moving along a short straight patch in the road as the truck booms past ... The tractor starts into the next turn as the Mercedes approaches ...

225 THE MERCEDES

is partially forced off the road by the tractor at the middle of the bend; Young is forced to use the hedgerow like a banked turn at a raceway, the Mercedes negotiates the corner at a 45 degree angle ...

226 THE TRUCK

Rearden continues to fight the increasing momentum of the downhill run ... the Mercedes again looms up at the rear ... the truck again blocks the way ...

227 DANAHOE

leans out his door window, fires the machine pistol, twice.

228 ONE BULLET

smashes against the blacktop, the second bullet explodes one of the truck's rear twin-tyres ...

229 THE ROAD's

angle of descent increases, a hairpin turn appears just ahead ...

230 REARDEN

makes no attempt to go through the tight bend, instead Rearden takes the stone wall straight on ... bursting through it like a high velocity missile ... into a green meadow ...

231 THE MERCEDES

had set itself for the turn; unable to correct in time to stay with the truck, it smashes sideways into the stone wall and grinds to a halt ... The front and both sides of the Mercedes are now crumpled masses of metal.

232 YOUNG

throws the Mercedes into reverse, the car burns backward, then goes through the hole in the fence opened by the truck ...

233 REARDEN AND MRS SMITH

bounce in the cab of the truck as it tears across the field ... dodging around several small hills ...

234 THE MERCEDES

the truck is well ahead of it -- the grey car powers over the small hills, becoming airborne at their crests, smashing back down onto the ground, closing the distance between it and the truck lumbering ahead ...

235 THE TRUCK

smashes through another stone wall ... more high ground draws near ... the truck goes to the side and behind a small hillock ...

236 REARDEN

fighting with the truck as a cliff suddenly opens up before him; the truck bounces and comes to rest, high-centred near the edge ...

237 THE MERCEDES

speeding over the grass, moving faster, faster ... The car explodes through the second gap in the fence which the truck opened.

238 YOUNG

knuckles white around the steering wheel as the hillock looms up; he again chooses to go over and not around the rise ... His eyes widen as he sees the ocean yawn before him ...

239 THE MERCEDES

moving through the air at ninety miles an hour ... its momentum carries it over the top of the truck and beyond the precipice ...

The car falls over the Cliffs of Moher and drops several hundred feet into the sea.

240 REARDEN AND MRS SMITH

standing at cliff side, looking down at the point where the Mercedes has disappeared into the deep.

MRS SMITH
Do you think they can swim, Mr Rearden?

REARDEN
I really don't think it matters, Mrs Smith.

On the sea below they can see the Artina cruising southward ... Rearden and Mrs Smith look at the ship and then at one another ...

DISSOLVE TO

(End of Irish Sequence)

241 EXT. HOUSE IN MALTA - SWIMMING POOL, ROOFTOP AND PATIO - REARDEN AND MRS. SMITH - DAY

Mrs. Smith lies on a mattress at one end of the swimming pool, reading from the local newspaper.

MRS. SMITH
(reading)

'One of the brightest occasions of this Winter Season will take place aboard Sir George Wheeler's yacht, the Artina, shortly after she docks tomorrow. Among the distinguished and honoured guests expected to attend will be Cabinet Ministers, Church dignitaries, and of course members of Malta's elite....

Rearden dives into the pool and swims towards her.

MRS. SMITH (Contd.)

'The Baroness de Vero has promised to wear the Cisconia diamonds including the fabulous 8 pointed Star of Sicily...'

REARDEN
(at pool's edge)

Now where on earth would she put that?

---

242 EXT. ROOFTOP

MRS. SMITH

It's been a lovely week. A week to remember.

REARDEN

Full of splendid moments. Like the first time you got undressed.

MRS. SMITH

Rivalled only by the spectacle of you doing the same. And tomorrow it ends.

REARDEN

Pity

MRS. SMITH

Liar. How long could you stand these delights?

REARDEN

About as long as you could, Mrs. Smith

243 EXT. PATIO -

Rearden and Mrs. Smith lying side by side on lounge chairs.

MRS. SMITH

That's when Mackintosh met my mother. She was in the Resistance. They were married in Paris. Code names - both wanted by the Gestapo.

REARDEN

And waiting for the knock on the door.

MRS. SMITH

They enjoyed it.

REARDEN

Like us. We're addicts, Mrs. Smith.

MRS. SMITH

Yes. Hooked. But maybe one day it would be nice to be able to say 'I love you'.

REARDEN

Never say it. Just do it.

MRS. SMITH

A spectacular week should have a spectacular ending.

REARDEN

You've just said it.

Scenes 244, 245, 246 - CUT

247. EXT. BARRACCA GARDENS DAY

Rearden and Mrs. Smith thread their way through the crowds in the Gardens towards the railed terrace high above the Grand Harbour. They stop at the rail and look towards the entrance to the harbour.

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248 EXT. GRAND HARBOUR DAY (already shot)

Their view. The Artina entering Grand Harbour.

MRS. SMITH (over)
Right on time.

249 EXT. LOWER BARRACCA GARDENS DAY (already shot)

REARDEN
(looking towards
Customs House steps)
They'll be mooring down there.

250 EXT. GRAND HARBOUR DAY

Rearden's view of the Customs House steps.

REARDEN (over)
I'll be on top of that wall
overlooking the steps.

251 EXT. LOWER BARRACCA GARDENS DAY (already shot)

REARDEN (cont.)
When you see Slade give me the
O.K. and I'll turn myself in to
the Police and swarm on board
with a posse. Right?

MRS. SMITH
Supposing he isn't there?

REARDEN
In that case Mrs. Smith, we shall
have made the biggest cock-up since
Burgess and Maclean.

252 EXT. CUSTOMS HOUSE AND YACHT DAY

Establishing shot
The yacht is moored stern on to the steps. Tables, flags, lights etc. on the yacht and the jetty. The party has already started and a large number of guests are on the yacht and jetty.

253 EXT. ROAD, CUSTOMS HOUSE STEPS AND YACHT DAY

Chauffeur-driven cars arrive in the road outside the Customs House. Mrs. Smith gets out of the back of one of them and joins a party of six people who have alighted from the car in front of hers.
One of these is Summers.

MRS. SMITH
(in French to Summers)
Oh! How stupid! I've left my gloves in the car.

SUMMERS
I beg your pardon?

Mrs. Smith illustrates her halting English with a dumb show pointing to her ungloved hands and to her car.

MRS. SMITH
(in English)
The gloves - the car.

SUMMERS
Oh of course.

He runs to Mrs. Smith's car and pulls open the back door just before it moves away to make room for the next arrival. Mrs. Smith smiles disarmingly at another Man in Summers' party.

MAN
(execreble accent)
Je parle francais un petit peu.

MRS. SMITH
(in Italian)
Do you speak Italian too?

SUMMERS rejoins them.

SUMMERS
Sorry. No gloves there.

MAN
(helpfully)
Pas de gants.

253 Continued

MRS. SMITH
(in French)
I must have left them at home.
How stupid of me.
(in English)
I am so sorry to make you the trouble.

SUMMERS
Not at all. Pleasure.

During this they have moved with the rest of Summers' party on to the jetty and as they pass a Policeman:

POLICEMAN
Your invitation please sir.

SUMMERS flashes an embossed invitation card at the Policeman who salutes and he and Mrs. Smith and the rest of the party pass on into the party itself.

SUMMERS
(to Mrs. Smith)
Now - let me find you a drink.

MRS. SMITH
(in French)
I'm sorry?

SUMMERS
(an even worse accent)
Champagne. Tres vite. Voila.- ma femme.

Summers moves away and as the rest of them move through the guests towards the yacht Mrs. Smith is addressed by Mrs. Summers who regards her with the utmost suspicion.

MRS. SUMMERS
(glacial)
I don't think we've met.

Mrs. Smith turns on her full charm and a torrent of rapid French, which, as she well knows, will be totally incomprehensible to Mrs. Smith.

253 Continued.

MRS. SMITH
(in French)
Oh I'm so sorry. I would have introduced myself. Your charming husband was so good as to look in my car for my gloves but I - oh what an idiot I am, had left them at home - would you believe such a thing.

During this we see a distinguished-looking, very chic grey-haired lady nearby.
Her name is Madeleine de Chambery.
She turns as she hears Mrs. Smith's voice and, clearly delighted, moves to her.

MADELEINE
(in French)
Veronique - my darling! I simply cannot believe it! What are you doing here?

Mrs. Smith would normally be delighted to see Madeleine de Chambery but now, for obvious reasons, she is not.

MRS. SMITH
Madeleine ...

She glances up at the bastion where Rearden is waiting as she and Madeleine embrace and kiss.

MADELEINE
(in French)
It has been such a long time ...

254 REARDEN

He looks down from the top of the bastion above the Customs House steps.

255 REARDEN'S POV

Mrs. Smith, Madeleine de Chambery's arm linked in hers, is boarding the yacht along with the Summers' group. Summers has rejoined them carrying glasses and champagne.

256 REARDEN

He peers anxiously downwards. Has someone recognised Mrs. Smith or is she simply carrying out their plans?

257 EXT. DECK OF THE YACHT

Madeleine and Mrs. Smith are together, with the group.

MADELEINE
(to Mrs. Smith)
But we should speak English.

MRS. SMITH
Non, je prefere ...

MADELEINE
(fondly to the others)
Oh she is a wicked girl. I have known her since she was so high and always she will try to speak only French. Her father used to say - Veronique, English please.
(to Mrs. Smith)
How is he darling? How is the wonderful Angus Mackintosh?

258 REARDEN

He continues to watch the yacht.

259 REARDEN'S POV

On the deck of the yacht Wheeler is surrounded by Government and Church dignitaries and is speaking to the Minister. Mrs. Smith, Madeleine etc. are moving in his direction.

260 EXT. DECK OF THE YACHT

WHEELER
(to Minister)
To the friendship of our two islands Minister.

260. Continued

MINISTER
Our primary need is economic aid.

WHEELER
Quite, quite ...

Mrs. Smith and Madeleine and the Summers' group pass in front of Wheeler and the Minister, making for a table and chairs set up on the deck.

MADELEINE
(to the Summers)
Veronique's father was a good friend of my country in the war.
(warmly to Mrs. Smith)
Major Angus Mackintosh. Croix de guerre, Croix de la liberation ...

They move on out of picture and Camera holds on Wheeler. He has <u>not</u> overheard what Madeleine has said.

WHEELER
Whenever I enter Grand Harbour I feel I am coming home. Malta - George Cross.

MINISTER
Even a Maltese cannot live on decorations alone.

CUT TO

MADELEINE, MRS. SMITH AND SUMMERS' GROUP

MADELEINE
Do you remember that summer at Chantilly?
(to the Summers)
Veronique met her first boy-friend at our house.
(to Mrs. Smith)
Darling, I haven't asked you. Is your name still Mackintosh or ...?

260 Continued

MRS. SMITH
Mrs. Smith.

She is looking around her and sees a hatchway leading to the deck below.

MADELEINE
(delighted)
Congratulations. He's a lucky man.

MRS. SMITH
We're divorced.

MADELEINE
Then he's also a fool.

MRS. SMITH
(in French)
Please - excuse me for a moment ...

260A REARDEN

Still watching intently.

260B REARDEN'S POV

He sees Mrs. Smith approach and enter the hatchway.

260C INT. BELOW DECK

Mrs. Smith comes down the stairs inside the hatchway. She is in a narrow carpeted corridor with a guest cabin on either side. Both the cabin doors are ajar. One of them contains ladies coats, the other clothes belonging to male guests. Apart from this both cabins are empty.
Mrs. Smith looks inside them and moves forward along the corridor towards a closed metal door at the end. She looks round, then opens the metal door, steps over a piece of raised coaming and finds herself in what is clearly the crews quarters. No carpet on the metal deck; a piece of fire-fighting equipment hanging on a bulkhead; three closed doors, one on either side of her, one facing her.

260C Continued

She knocks on the first door. There is no answer. She turns the handle of the door, opens it and looks inside. She sees a small simple cabin and it is empty. She repeats the same actions with the second door and with the same result. She knocks on the third door and is about to open it with the handle when she hears the key being turned in the lock on the other side.
The door is opened and there, right in front of her, is Slade.
She sees his startled expression and then he slams the door shut in her face.

260D EXT. DECK OF THE YACHT

Wheeler is talking to Madeleine. He holds an untouched glass of champagne in his hand.

WHEELER
But Angus Mackintosh is one of my oldest friends. How extraordinary that his daughter should be here in Malta.

MADELEINE
There she is.

Wheeler turns and moves quickly to the hatchway, meeting Mrs. Smith as she emerges from it on to the deck.

WHEELER
(full charm)
My dear Mrs. Smith. This really is an unexpected pleasure. I'm Sir George Wheeler.

MRS. SMITH
How d'you do Sir George.

WHEELER
I've know your father since before you were born. We worked together in the war. Special operations. I was in the Balkans and he ... Oh ... you haven't got a drink ...

260D Continued

He hands her a glass which he is holding and takes another for himself from one of the Waiters. He lowers his voice to a more confident tone as they move together towards the stern of the yacht.

WHEELER
I'd heard he'd met with an accident. I'm so sorry. It's hardly safe to walk in London these days. How is the dear fellow?

MRS. SMITH
He's still in hospital ...

WHEELER
I'm sure it can't be too serious or you wouldn't be here? Well - let's drink to his speedy recovery.

He raises his glass and drinks.
Mrs. Smith manages to smile at him and raises her own one, a little higher than his and towards Rearden.

260E REARDEN

He sees her signal, turns abruptly and hurries away.

RECEIVED 07 DEC

261 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS VALETTA DAY

Rearden enters the reception area and goes straight to the Desk Sergeant.

REARDEN

I'd like to see the Chief Inspector please.

SERGEANT

I'm afraid you can't, he's in a meeting.

REARDEN

Then interrupt him.

SERGEANT

Impossible

REARDEN

I want to report a very serious crime. It's urgent.

SERGEANT

Your name please.

REARDEN

Rearden.

SERGEANT

First name?

REARDEN

Look - I've got to see him and I've got to see him now.
(emphatically and with authority)
This involves a British Mamber of Parliament - Sir George Wheeler.

The Sergeant is impressed.

SERGEANT

Come with me Sir.

He goes to the door of the Chief Inspector's office and knocks.

INSPECTOR (over)

Come in.

CONTINUED.

RECEIVED

261 Continued.

The Sergeant opens the door and begins to speak.

SERGEANT

This gentleman ...

REARDEN
(moving in past him
and interrupting)

I have information that the escaped spy Slade is here in Malta on board the Artina.

INSPECTOR

The what?

REARDEN

Sir George Wheeler's yacht. It's moored at the Customs House steps.

CUT TO:

Continue Scene 262 - Page 112.

262 EXT. DECK OF THE YACHT

The party has thinned out considerably and it is beginning to get dark. Mrs. Smith stands on the deck near the gangway with Madeleine, the Summers' group and perhaps various other guests. They are pressing close around her as she tries to watch the gangway and as they speak, the sound of their voices becomes jumbled to her, their faces blurred. She sways. Their words in any case bear no relation to each other. It is late cocktail party conversation, everyone talking across and through everyone else.

MADELEINE
When Rene said he was being posted to Malta, I insisted on three clear days at Givenchy ...

SUMMERS
Came here as 6d. settlers to save taxes and we'll probably end up selling matches to the Maltese.

MRS. SUMMERS
She distinctly said bridge and when we arrived the whole room was absolutely crammed with Canasta packs.

MAN
Well at least one gets a decent game of polo - let's be thankful.

Suddenly Wheeler is there, his face close to Mrs. Smith, his quiet voice calm, strong and reassuring.

WHEELER
Don't you feel well my dear? Let me help you. Come - a few minutes rest and you'll be fine.

He supports her with one hand under her elbow and they move to the hatchway and enter it. The buzz of conversation continues. No-one has noticed anything untoward about Mrs. Smith departure.

262A INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS (INSPECTOR'S OFFICE)

Continue to Green Page - 112A - 6th December 1972
Second sequence .... Sc. No. 262A

262A RESUME INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS (INSPECTOR'S OFFICE)

INSPECTOR
(on telephone)

Very well sir. Thank you.

REARDEN
(impatiently)

What did he say?

INSPECTOR

What I say. You have no evidence to support this fantastic allegation.

REARDEN

I'm still making it. You've got to act now or you'll be too late.

INSPECTOR

You're mad -please leave - I'm busy.

REARDEN
(leaning over the Inspector's desk)

All right - Here's my evidence. Look at me! Look at my face! Recognise it? I'm Joseph Rearden - the jewel thief. I escaped from Chelmsford with Slade six weeks ago and I'm telling you that he's on that yacht now.

The Inspector studies Rearden's face whilst he is speaking and as he says the last few words he picks up the phone and says:

INSPECTOR

Bring me the photographs of the two men who escaped from Chelmsford gaol in England ....

Rearden relaxes slightly as he listens to the Inspector. He knows now that he has finally convinced him.

Continue Page 113.

263 thru 266 EXT. CUSTOMS HOUSE QUAY AND THE ARTINA - REARDEN, WHEELER, COMMISSIONER, SUB-INSPECTOR, OTHER POLICE ECU - NIGHT.

COMMISSIONER
How many are in your party, Sir George?

WHEELER
Myself and a complement of four - three crew members and a cook.

COMMISSIONER
How many are aboard?

WHEELER
Two besides myself. No doubt the rest are enjoying the fleshpots of Valetta.

COMMISSIONER
How well do you know them?

WHEELER
Very well indeed. Seaman Cox, here, is the last addition - and he joined our crew more than two years ago... But what's this all about?

COMMISSIONER
An allegation has been made, sir, that Ronald Slade is aboard.

WHEELER
But that's quite the most absurd thing I ever heard!

COMMISSIONER
My own opinion, Sir George.

WHEELER
Who is the author of this fantastic notion?

COMMISSIONER
(pointing him out)
This man. Joseph Rearden.

WHEELER
Rearden? ... Rearden ...? Bring him into the light!
(Rearden is brought forward)
I know that face - of course - Rearden, the wanted man.
Congratulations, Commissioner!
It's a coup for the Malta Police.
Drinks are in order!
(addresses Rearden)
So I have Slade aboard? And how did you arrive at that ridiculous conclusion?

RECEIVED 13

REARDEN starts to answer, then restrains himself.

WHEELER
Speak up, man! I'm not often afforded the opportunity of studying the workings of the criminal mind at such close range.

REARDEN
You're good, Wheeler. You're better than good. But then you've had a lot of practice.

WHEELER
(to Commissioner)
I invite you and your men to come aboard, Mr. Commissioner. I offered you a drink - you are my guests - and I will not take offence if you wish to look around. On second thoughts, I insist upon a thorough search.

THE COMMISSIONER gestures to the Sub-Inspector. The men board and begin their search.

WHEELER (Cont'd)
(back to Rearden)
Returning to my question, Rearden. Why me? Why did you single me out? Because I stand for a way of life that you hate and fear? Is it as simple as that?

REARDEN
Right.

WHEELER
Because I detest lawlessness, anarchy, do you hope to damage me? ... If so, it's a pathetic hope ... as pathetic as you are yourself ... and your underworld colleagues.

REARDEN
Where's Mrs. Smith?

WHEELER
Mrs Smith? Oh, yes! Young. Blonde. She had a glass too many, I'm afraid, and had to be supported out.

SUB-INSPECTOR and other Police return.

SUB-INSPECTOR
(to Commissioner)
We've searched the whole boat, Sir. He's not aboard.

WHEELER
Are you quite sure of that, Inspector?

SUB-INSPECTOR
No doubt at all, sir.

COMMISSIONER
My abject apologies, Sir George.

Rearden suddenly twists clear of the Policemen, dashes along the deck and jumps over the port side of the bows, and dives into the water. Everynone is taken by surprise and Rearden disappears beneath the dark surface as they hurriedly produce guns and torches and rush to the place from which he jumped.

267 THE POLICEMEN

They fire down at the water and shine their torches on it.

268 REARDEN

He doubles over and swims under the bows of the yacht to the starboard side between the yacht and the wall.

269 THE DECK OF YACHT NIGHT

The Police continue to shine their torches over the port side and take hopeful shots at the water. Some of them, under the direction of the Inspector, cross to the starboard side.

270 REARDEN

He is clinging to a ringbolt in the wall of the dock and as he sees the beam of a torch approaching him he submerges again.

271 THE DECK OF THE YACHT NIGHT

INSPECTOR
(to Wheeler)
The currents are very strong.
He'll probably be arried out
to sea and drowned.

272 REARDEN

He has pulled himself along the wall under water and his head surfaces under rubber guards on the keyside immediately below the yacht gangway.

272 Continued

INSPECTOR (over)
Don't worry sir - we'll make a thorough search.

Rearden dives again and starts to half swim, half propel himself along the wall under water away from the yacht.
He is clinging to the bows of a moored dghaisa concealed behind its high prow, another moored dghaisa close on its other side. (alternative: Rearden clinging to a large buoy).
He raises himself a little, stares out of picture.

273 REARDEN'S POV

The yacht about 20 yards away. He can see Policemen trooping ashore down the lit gangway.

274 DECK OF YACHT NIGHT

INSPECTOR
(to Wheeler)
He must have drowned ...sir.

WHEELER
Good. That will save the British taxpayer a great deal of money. Goodnight Inspector and thank you.

INSPECTOR
Goodnight sir.

The Inspector goes ashore and Wheeler moves towards the bridge superstructure where Cox is waiting.

WHEELER
Is the small speed boat ready Cox?

COX
Yes sir.

WHEELER
I'll be going alone. Contact the seaplane and warn them that there may be one other passenger besides Slade.

274 Continued

COX

Mrs. Smith?

WHEELER

No.

275 REARDEN

He watches the yacht from behind the dghaisa or from behind the buoy.

276 REARDEN'S POV

Wheeler climbs down a ladder from the deck of the yacht and gets into the smaller of two speedboats which lie alongside. The boat moves away from the yacht rapidly increasing speed heading for the entrance of Grand Harbour.

277 REARDEN

He takes a deep breath, dives, and begins to swim towards the yacht.

278 INT. RADIO CABIN NIGHT

Cox enters the cabin, lays a piece of paper beside the R/T microphone, puts on a pair of headphones and activates the R/T set.

279 EXT. BOWS OF YACHT

Rearden reaches the mooring chaim (or rope) and pulls himself up to the focsle. He bends down amd moves quickly aft. As he reaches the bridge superstructure he sees a light coming from one of the cabins inside it, pulls open a door and enters the superstructure.

280 INT. BRIDGE SUPERSTRUCTURE NIGHT

Rearden sees a door on his left - the one leading to the foom from which the light was showing. Very carefully he eases the door.

281 INT. RADIO CABIN NIGHT

Cox sits with his back to Rearden on the R/T set, the earphones on his head, the microphone in his hand. He speaks slowly and haltingly into the mike in a foreign language (Albanian), glancing constantly at the piece of paper on the left of the microphone as he reads from it. (The paper contains the message written in English and beside it the Albanian translation.) Cox's machine pistol is on the desk on the right of the microphone. He is unable to hear Rearden's stealthy approach because of the earphones. When he is close enough Rearden grabs the machine pistol with one hand and rams it into the back of Cox's neck. With the other he rips out the microphone connection and then picks up the piece of paper. Cox tries to turn.

REARDEN
Don't move or I'll kill you.

He quickly reads the message, still holding the gun on Cox.

REARDEN
So that's where you're sending the poor bastard.

Rearden grabs Cox, spins him round in the chair side swiping him across the face with the barrel of the gun.

REARDEN
What's the pick up point?

Cox stares at him and Rearden raises the pistol again.

COX
(terrified)
All right - I'll tell you.

282 EXT. YACHT NIGHT

Rearden comes out onto the deck, sees the second speedboat larger and more powerful than the one Wheeler used, still lying alongside. He drops into it, starts the engine, casts off, opens the throttle. The boat heads for the entrance of Grand Harbour.

RECEIVED 19 DEC 1972

283 through to 308 TO BE DELETED.

309 EXT. CHURCH NIGHT (already shot)

Cox driving a car with Rearden in the back seat. They stop, both get out and walk towards the Church, round a corner and enter the church.

310 INT.. CHURCH NIGHT

REARDEN, MRS. SMITH, WHEELER, SLADE, COX.

Wheeler has his gun trained on Mrs. Smith. Slade is covering Rearden as he follows Cox into the church.

WHEELER
Ah, Rearden - we've been expecting you. If you're so unwise as to try to shoot me or Slade, I shall simply pull this trigger ... Cox!

COX
Yes sir George?

WHEELER
Go to my speedboat. Get a flashlight. Signal the seaplane passengers will be boarding shortly. Then get back to the Artina.

Cox leaves.

WHEELER (cont.)
(to Rearden)
Your companion, Mrs. Smith, has proved to be a mine of information. However, she's made a statement that requires corroboration from you. I'm going to ask you some questions. If you hesitate or take any time at all to respond, I shall know she's lying.
(sharply)
Did Mackintosh write a letter?

REARDEN
Yes. If he dies, it clears me and it'll put you where you belong - behind bars.

MRS. SMITH
Kill him Rearden!

310 Continued

WHEELER
Who has this letter?

REARDEN
Mackintosh's solicitor, John Cranton.

WHEELER
The firm?

REARDEN
Cranton, James & co.

WHEELER
Address?

REARDEN
Sackville Street.

WHEELER
To whom would Cranton deliver the letter?

REARDEN
Commander Pearson - head of Counter Intelligence.

WHEELER
And he, in turn, gives it to ...?

REARDEN
The Prime Minister.

WHEELER
Most unfortunately for my plans, your answers and Mrs. Smith's are identical.

REARDEN
Why? Is Mackintosh dead?

WHEELER
Yes. Five o'clock this evening. I got the news while Mrs. Smith was masquerading at my party - I've already expressed my sympathy.

REARDEN
Then you've had it Wheeler.

310 Continued

WHEELER
To a degree ... to a degree ...
(smiles)
When I told Cox to wait for you and bring you here, I thought then that you and Mrs. Smith were the only ones who knew of my connection with Slade. I thought the three of you would disappear ... vanish from the West tonight and I could return to London to continue my work ... I might even have become P.M. myself one day ...
(shrugs)
But that letter leaves me no alternative. I must go with Slade.
(to Mrs. Smith)
A worthy adversary, Mackintosh. But I'm not finished. This only means my base of operations will have changed. In a way, it's a relief, I won't have to go on playing the pompous ass. I can be myself, say what I think, work openly. Perhaps it's all for the best.

MRS. SMITH
Shoot now!

The command is so strong, Rearden's hand tightens on the trigger.

SLADE
(gun steady on Rearden)
We're in the same game Rearden. We're both expendable. But guns won't solve our differences. You shoot Wheeler and he shoots Mrs. Smith and I shoot you. Barbaric and unnecessary. Let me go home in peace.

REARDEN
So you can quote Spencer to Philby in Moscow?

SLADE
(smiles)
No. Peking. China is my ideological home, Rearden.

310 Continued

WHEELER
I'm a Maoist as well. It was I who arranged Slade's escape from Chelmsford. Up until a few hours ago, I thought I'd succeeded in every way.

SLADE
We could come to a realistic agreement now.

REARDEN
Like what?

SLADE
We could simply lay down our arms.

REARDEN
No.

WHEELER
(nods agreement)
Slade and can simply walk out of that door and go to our new lives and leave you and Mrs. Smith t, yours.

REARDEN
No.

WHEELER
The good soldier? Kill or be killed?

REARDEN
Exactly.

SLADE
Unquestioning obedience Rearden - with no room, ever, for personal choice? Let's break the rules tonight. Be human for once. I repeat myself. Our deaths mean little or nothing to anyone anywhere - only to ourselves.

MRS. SMITH
They're traitors!

310 Continued

SLADE
The voice of fear and anger.
The fanatic in our midst.
(long look at
Rearden)
I've a good idea of how your
mind works from our chess games
Rearden. I'll take the chance.

He turns and throws his gun onto the floor behind him.

Rearden faces the unarmed Slade, his gun pointing directly at him.

SLADE (cont.)
Will you kill me now? The good and
the harm I've done are in the past.
I did what I believed in. Would you
still punish me for that? Can you
pull the trigger? I think not.

Rearden cannot. His gun points once more at Wheeler.

WHEELER
It's a standoff, Rearden. If you agree
with us, this only means one un-
successful assignment where you and
Mrs. Smith are concerned. Consider
my case! It means the loss of years
of careful planning. I gambled for
really high stakes. I've lost.
And if you think I'd surrender to
spend the rest of my days in prison,
I won't. I'd prefer to be dead.

SLADE
Prison Rearden. You've had a taste
of it.

REARDEN
The stakes are still high. Play
out the hand! Give me your gun
Wheeler.

Wheeler crosses slowly to Rearden, hands him his gun, butt first. Rearden puts it in his pocket.

REARDEN (cont.)
Get out. Both of you. Now!

310 Continued

Slade salutes Rearden. As he and Wheeler hurry towards the door, SOUND O.S. of airplane motors.

WHEELER
Hurry! They mustn't leave without us!

Mrs. Smith dashes to the gun which Slade has thrown down, picks it up and fires. The bullets smash into Wheeler and Slade, killing them both.

Rearden stares at her horrified.

Mrs. Smith places guns in each of the dead men's hands, steps back, viewing the scene entirely unmoved.

MRS. SMITH
Clean. No questions. No scandal. Wheeler died trying to get Slade. That's how Mackintosh would have wanted it.
(coldly)
I should have killed you too.

REARDEN
A regrettable oversight Mrs. Smith.

She starts for the church door.

Rearden throws the gun away from him - it hits the wall and spins.

Votive candles flicker for a moment, steady.

311 EXT. CHURCH NIGHT MRS. SMITH (already shot)

Mrs. Smith comes out of the church slowly, her shadow huge against a white stone wall. After a few steps, her gait quickens; she hurries OUT OF SHOT.

311A EXT. CHURCH NIGHT REARDEN (already shot)

Rearden comes through the curtain, stands at the door of the church, looking out into the dark - and inward into a deeper darkness.

FADE OUT.

306 Continued

REARDEN
You're a great driver Mrs Smith.

He forces open the buckled rear door, leans forward and touches Mrs Smith on the shoulder.

REARDEN
In fact you're a great person to have around any time. Now! Slow!

307 EXT. CAR NIGHT

It makes a right hand turn, braking sharply. Rearden throws out Cox's gun and jumps after it, landing on the hard earth of a ploughed field which slopes down towards the sea and the church. The car accelerates away, the door banging shut, and a moment later the police car screams into the turn and follows it out of the village.

308 EXT. FIELD NIGHT

Rearden scrambles to his feet, picks up the gun and runs down the field towards the church. The whole place seems absolutely quiet and deserted. No lights anywhere. Rearden's running figure scudding across the hard uneven ground might be on the surface of the moon until he reaches:

309 EXT. CHURCH NIGHT

It is an enormous round building, totally out of proportion to the small village whose spiritual centre it is. Its great dome rears like some huge inverted gilded bowl against the lowering moonless sky. Rearden slows to a walk and cautiously climbs the wide stone steps leading to its big double doors. He pushes gently against one of them and it opens, creaking a little on its ancient hinges.

310 INT. CHURCH NIGHT

The interior of the church is in total darkness. Rearden moves forward carefully and quietly. When he has taken a few steps, he whispers:

REARDEN
Slade? ...

310 Continued

The whisper echoes and re-echoes but there is no answer. Rearden moves cautiously onwards, his hand feeling for a wall, a light switch. He touches something and stops dead, peering into the gloom. He can just make out a wooden crucifix, the tortured face, the pierced hands. He takes an instinctive step back then moves forward again, parallel to where he thinks the wall must be.

Suddenly the whole church is flooded with brilliant light and Rearden stops in his tracks, his eyes blinking and staring at the brightly coloured rococo glories of the Altar, the effigies of saints and martyrs, the richly robed Virgins and the crucifixes, the whole panoply of Roman ritual.

Rearden is in the centre of the nave and the crucifix which he touched hangs on a pillar just behind him. He hears Wheeler's voice:

WHEELER (over)
We were expecting you, Mr Rearden.

Rearden starts to turn and Wheeler says sharply:

WHEELER
Don't turn round.

NEW ANGLE

Rearden in foreground, Wheeler behind him holding a machine pistol, and beside him Slade. Behind the two of them an ornate font, the closed doors of the church.

WHEELER
Put down your gun please.

Rearden lets his gun fall from his hand. It clatters to the stone floor, the sound, like Wheeler's voice, echoing round the building. He stares at the splendidly dressed effigy of a saint a foot or so in front of him standing against another pillar. The saint stares back with compassionate unseeing eyes.

WHEELER (part over)
I'm sorry, Mr Rearden, but I'm going to have to kill you. I know you're aware of my reasons and if you're a Christian it seems an appropriate place.

310 Continued

REARDEN
(shouting suddenly)
He's betrayed you, Slade!

As he shouts he hurls himself forward behind the protection of the saint and at the same moment Wheeler fires. Bullets crash into the effigy, ripping its robes, cutting it to pieces, furrowing into the stone of the pillar. Wheeler moves quickly forward. Rearden picks himself up and, keeping the pillar between him and Wheeler, charges in a crouching run towards a small door in the side wall of the church. He pulls it open, dives through it and slams it closed behind him, ramming home its big iron bolt. Bullets thud into the thick wood of the door from the other side as Rearden tears up a spiral flight of stone steps and emerges on to a gallery which encircles half the inner circumference of the church midway between the dome and the stone floor. It is protected by a carved stone balustrade in the form of a series of linked Romanesque arches. Down below Wheeler has given up trying to shoot out the lock of the door and is desperately attempting to wrench it open with his hands.

Rearden crouches behind the balustrade and shouts:

REARDEN
Where do you think he's sending you, Slade?

Slade, still in his original position, peers up at the gallery trying to see Rearden.

SLADE
I'm going home. You can't stop me.

Wheeler runs to the centre of the church, his gun raised, trying to locate Rearden.

REARDEN (part over)
You bloody fool! That plane'll take you to Albania. You've got information and that's what they want. Your life doesn't mean a damn - it's your knowledge of the whole Russian set-up - and to get that they'll pull your brains out through your ears!

Wheeler fires in the direction of Rearden's voice. Bullets ricochet off the balustrade near him, hit a huge chandelier in the dome of the church, the bulbs explode, its light is extinguished. The gallery is

310 Continued

now in semi-darkess but the floor of the church is still brightly lit. Rearden scrambles to a new position on the gallery. Slade still doesn't move and it is impossible to guess from his expression whether or not Rearden's words have made any impact on him. Wheeler is desperately searching for another entrance to the gallery and, at the same time, to determine Rearden's position.

WHEELER
(to Slade)
He's lying. Don't listen to him.

REARDEN (part over)
Why do you think he's trying to kill me? Because it's the truth!

SLADE
(sharply to Wheeler)
Wait!

Wheeler looks at him. Slade calls up towards the gallery:

SLADE
What have you to offer me, Rearden?

Rearden doesn't answer.

WHEELER
(shouting at gallery)
Go on - tell him! Another twenty years in prison!

REARDEN (part over)
We're in the same game, Slade. You know its name as well as I do. We're both expendable. Which do you want? Prison in England or ...

The rest of his question is lost as Wheeler fires another burst in the direction of his voice. Rearden crashes to the floor and in the gloom it is impossible to know whether he has been hit or is simply taking avoiding action.

SLADE
(moving towards the shattered saint)
I want - freedom.

310 Continued

Wheeler takes no notice of him. He is moving cautiously nearer to the place on the gallery where Rearden has fallen.

WHEELER
(not looking at Slade)
And you'll have it.

He hears Rearden's voice from the opposite side of the gallery ...

REARDEN (over)
You lying bastard!

... spins round and fires at the sound.

CUT TO Slade: He has picked up Rearden's gun and from beside the broken statue takes careful aim at Rearden in the gallery. At the same moment we hear the wail of approaching police sirens from outside the church. (The noise increases until the police actually arrive in the church.)

CUT TO Wheeler: Panic on his face as he hears the sirens.

CUT TO Rearden in the gallery:

REARDEN
It's over, Wheeler.

General SHOT:

WHEELER
For you it is. Not for me.

He swings round towards Slade's original position but of course he is not there.

WHEELER
(shouting)
Slade!

SLADE
(from behind the statue)
I'm here.

Wheeler turns quickly, his gun raised.

WHEELER
It's over for both of you.

310 Continued

He fires at Slade but there are only two more bullets left in the magazine. They crash into the remains of the effigy or the pillar. Wheeler stands rivetted in panic, his fingers pulling on the dead trigger as Slade comes out from behind the pillar holding Rearden's gun.

SLADE
(unemotionally - his eyes on Wheeler)
You're right, Rearden.
Expendable.

He pumps three bullets into Wheeler's body and Wheeler slumps to the floor, dead. The doors burst open and the police pour into the church.

CUT TO Rearden, tearing down the stone stairs. As he comes through the door into the nave he finds himself face to face with Slade who still holds his gun.

SLADE
(a slight smile)
I'm not coming with you, Rearden.

He raises the gun so that the lower part of the barrel is against his chin. CUT TO a C.S. Rearden as the single shot rings out - his expression of shock and disbelief.

311 EXT. CHURCH NIGHT

Several police cars are parked outside. Rearden stands against the wall of the church handcuffed to a policeman. Other policemen watch him. No one speaks.

Two men in plain clothes emerge from the lighted interior of the church. One of them is Cranton, Mackintosh's solicitor, and the other is Pearson, an official of British Intelligence. They are followed by the Inspector and other senior policemen. Pearson wears an impeccably cut suit and an old school tie. He smiles only with his lips, never with his eyes. He comes right up to Rearden, flicks the beam of a torch into his face. Then he extinguishes the torch and says:

PEARSON
Let him go please.

311 Continued

The Inspector steps forward and releases Rearden's handcuff. Pearson indicates Cranton:

PEARSON
This is Mr Cranton, Mackintosh's lawyer. Fortunately for you his client died four hours ago. I got here as quickly as I could. The Foreign Office laid on a plane. No expense spared.

Rearden is now free of the handcuff and as Pearson moves away from the group of police he follows him quickly:

REARDEN
Where's Mrs Smith?

PEARSON
(ignoring the question)
Can't say I approved of Mackintosh's methods. Private circus - all that stuff - bit messy. Still, he got a right and a left for his last shoot. Wheeler, the principal target - and Slade as a bonus.

REARDEN
Where is she?

PEARSON
Who?

REARDEN
Mrs Smith.

PEARSON
No idea who you mean, old boy.

He is now walking fairly rapidly around the side of the church.

PEARSON
It's clean, that's the great thing. Eminent Member of Parliament loses life bravely attempting capture of Soviet Spy. Two columns in the Times, eulogies in the House. Full cooperation from the Maltese. Infinitely preferable to an expensive trial and a political scandal back home. Yes, I'd say, very clean.

311 Continued

Rearden is no longer listening to him. They have arrived at a road which runs along the water's edge at the side of the church and there, a few yards ahead of them, is what remains of Mrs Smith's car. The whole of its front is concertina-ed back and it is still attached to the break-down truck which towed it in. An ambulance is parked next to it, its rear doors open. Rearden starts to run towards the ambulance and Pearson has to raise his voice:

PEARSON (part over)
By the way - those diamonds - according to Mackintosh's letter they were simply glass - insured for £140,000.

Rearden looks into the back of the ambulance.

His view: Two bodies lie on cots, their faces covered. We hear Pearson laughing about the diamonds.

C.S. Rearden. Pearson's laughter continuing.

REARDEN
(a whisper)
Christ ...

Pearson speaks from somewhere behind him:

PEARSON (part over)
Oh, I get it. Mackintosh's daughter called herself Mrs Smith did she? Damn shame. Ran slap into one of those infernal stone walls a couple of miles up the road. Steering must have failed. Still, it was quick. Clean.

Rearden walks slowly away from the ambulance, away from the church. The pain is so deep in him that he probably doesn't even hear Pearson's voice.

PEARSON
Well Rearden, we'd better get you home ... assuming, that is, that you have a home.

His words carry over into the next scene.

312 EXT. OLD HOUSE BY SEA DAWN

A cold clear light. Rearden walks up on to the terrace, sees the two coffee cups, the melon skins on their plates, the darkened window of Mrs Smith's room. He stands quite still, his face drained, empty of hope, and as the CAMERA PULLS BACK, the isolation of the house itself seems to accentuate the isolation of this man, who once thought of it, however fleetingly, as home. The steady slap of the waves against the beach is the only sound, the only movement to herald the new day.

FADE OUT

THE END